THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, No. 3, for March, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The APPARITION.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for April.
3. PATTERNS of CUFFS for the SLEEVES of a DRESS.

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NOTICES.

For a *printed Volume* lately transmitted to us, we return thanks to the Author, and shall present to our fair readers some *Extracts* from it, if, on examination, we find any passages calculated to afford them useful information or agreeable entertainment.

We have no objection to *Edward's* retaining the *Copy-right* of his proposed contributions—" *without prejudice*" to his interests in any transactions relative to the Lady's Magazine.

We return thanks to " *S. S.*" but are very sorry that we cannot gratify him by the insertion of his verses. We trust, however, that, at a future day, when his judgement is more matured—or even at the present day, if he consult some judicious and impartial friend—he will *thank* us for having forborne to place them on record in our pages.

To the *friendly* suggestion of " *L. M.*" [or *Z. M.*] we have paid *due* attention in our present publication, and shall pay *equal* regard in our future Numbers.—V, S. S.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For MARCH, 1814.

The Adopted Child.

(Continued from page 62—with a Plate.)

Sequel of Mrs. Cavendish'es Narrative.

"On looking forward toward the part whence the sound had reached my ear, I thought I saw, at some distance, an indistinct figure repeatedly flitting across the path, which, being shaded from the lunar beam by a thick arbour impervious even to the noontide ray, was enveloped in deep gloom.—The figure, as if in unison with the silent serenity of the night, so softly glided along, that not a sound of its footsteps was heard.

"Jeannette's dread of ghosts and spirits soon overpowered her desire of attending me; and, with a faint scream, she was hastily retreating to the house, when the voice of Lord Arnon, desiring her not to be alarmed, brought her as speedily back again.—'How peculiarly fortunate am I,' said he, gently taking my hand, 'in meeting my lovely friend!—I found the heat so oppressive, that I thought a stroll in this lonely shade would relieve my head:—and if, in compassion,' added he sighing, 'to the pain I feel, you will condescend to accompany me, it will complete my cure.'

"I felt that my situation was aukward: I therefore declined his proposal, and hastily quitted him:—but I acknowledge, that, when I reached my apartment, although I applauded the propriety of my conduct, I secretly regretted the penance which I had imposed upon myself. My feet insensibly strayed to the window; and my eyes involuntarily wandered in search of an object which they could no longer discern.

"Lord Arnon's manner had, during the whole of that day, been unusually particular:—all his cautious reserve had been banished; and, even before my father, his behaviour was unrestrainedly tender and polite.—My father's countenance had discovered more pleasure than surprise at this sudden alteration; and I was beginning to flatter myself that the contract with my uncle might be dissolved.

"The next day, Lord Arnon was all attention: and, when my father and mother rode out to pay some morning visits, they desired I would endeavour to amuse his lordship in their absence.—I was thunderstruck with amazement; and my consternation was increased, when I heard him, the moment they were driven from the door, pleading, with all that insinuating eloquence of which he was so refined a master, the violence of his passion for me.—I will not, my dear Marina, dwell on this painful period.—His artifices were too successful: I believed all his protestations: I gave credit to his assurances of having procured the private consent of my father to our union: I gave implicit faith to his declaration of having no engagement whatever with Lady Mary Bulstrode, which he said he had merely mentioned to recommend himself to my parents, whom, upon his first introduction to us, he had understood to be bent upon marrying me to my cousin; that he had undeceived my father, and procured his free consent to our privately

eloping; that it was agreed between them that Jeannette should accompany us to Scotland—that we were afterwards to return to one of his houses, from whence the intelligence of our marriage was to be dispatched to my mother.—Fool that I was! I even entered with alacrity into his well-formed plan of deception.—He repeatedly protested that my father had himself projected the scheme of our elopement; but that he had at the same time insisted upon my not appearing to know that he knew any thing of the affair; and therefore I was, in his presence, to preserve a profound silence on the subject. My mother, he said, was to be kept in total ignorance; and to her it was ever to appear as my own voluntary act: but I was to rely on my father's assurances of reconciling her to it, as soon as it had taken place.—With many specious arguments he convinced me of the propriety of such conduct.—'Were it even to be surmised,' said he, 'that it was carried on with your father's sanction, he would infallibly incur the everlasting displeasure of your uncle; whereas, if he had it in his power to declare that you had eloped without his concurrence or knowledge, he might be better enabled to reconcile your uncle to the disappointment.'

"With my reluctant, yet solemn promise, not to betray a plan, which, if discovered, would be for ever marred, let me close this scene of deception.

"We agreed that he should stay two days longer, and then, under pretence of visiting his sister, take his leave; and that, on the third morning after his departure, at three o'clock, he should send his trusty valet with a carriage, to convey me to London, where he would join me: and thence we were to proceed with all possible expedition to Scotland.

"Although, in the two days that he continued with us, I saw nothing in the conduct of my father, to contradict the assertions of his lordship; yet a fatal presentiment seemed to whisper, that, in quitting the paternal roof, I quitted it and happiness for ever.—Ah! why did I not listen to the kind foreboder? Alas! my infatuated passion rendered me deaf to every apprehensive suggestion: and, at the hour appointed, attended by Jeannette, who had been prepared by Lord Arnon for the expedition, I deserted my regretted home—never—never to return. As I cast my eyes on its tranquil shades for the last time, tears in copious streams bedewed my cheek: and, when I reached London, even the sight of my destined husband did not restore to me my lost tranquillity.—Yet let me acknowledge, that, during my journey to Dover (for we had changed our intended course to Scotland for Calais, in order to avoid pursuit) nothing could be more uniformly tender and respectful than his behaviour.

"At Calais, a Protestant clergyman joined our hands: and, as soon afterwards as possible, we re-embarked, and, at the end of the fifth day, arrived at a lodge, (which Lord Arnon had purchased for the purpose) in the Dale of Belvoir.

"Here my happiness would have been unembittered by a repining sigh, but for the delay of my father's answer.—At length the long-expected letter came. It was, I thought, rather too concise; but, as it assured me of his pardon, and my mother's forgiveness, I was satisfied, and very readily complied with his injunction of continuing in retirement, till my uncle's fury (which he represented as very great) should be abated.

"Near a twelvemonth passed away; and Lord Arnon still was all that my fondest hopes could wish; when he one day, in one of his

visits, which were long and frequent, told me, that he was much afraid he should be under the necessity of travelling, in order to avoid a match which his father had proposed to him; and that, as he could not, while my uncle continued inexorable, avow his marriage, he must either seem to comply, or avoid it by making the tour of France; to which he could have no objection but that of leaving me behind him; and to that he expressed such evident reluctance, that I readily agreed to his proposal of accompanying him.

"I had no companion but himself and Jeannette. Every place, therefore, which afforded me his society, was equally dear to me; and, in a short time, we were agreeably settled in a sweet retirement on the banks of the Rhine.—Here six years elapsed uninterrupted—save only by occasional visits from Lord Arnon, and letters from my father.—These still contained accounts of my uncle's unrelenting anger; and I began to despair of ever returning to my native land.

"Lord Arnon had sometimes, though in the most tender and delicate terms, hinted his wishes that our happiness had been increased by a child: with what satisfaction therefore did I announce to him my hopes that I should speedily present him with this desired addition! — The transports he expressed—the unremitting and affectionate attention he paid me, from this moment, till the hour in which you made your appearance, even the cruelty of his subsequent conduct cannot obliterate:—no! never will the delightful remembrance be extinguished.—It has sometimes charmed my agonised heart with a momentary gleam of joy —happy delusion!—Heaven, in its mercy, drops some healing balsam, to mitigate the pain of those wounds which in its justice it inflicts.

"When I beheld your infant smiles, and saw you pressed to the bosom of your father, my happiness was complete. Every painful idea was absorbed on this occasion; and, for several succeeding months, even the long-desired reconciliation with my uncle was forgotten.

"Again I was pregnant; and again Lord Arnon was the most attentive of men.—Another daughter, who expired soon after she was born, produced, for the first time since our marriage, a discontented frown on the brow of my lord. — From that hour his tenderness relaxed: — he wanted a son:—girls were his aversion:—even you, once the object of his fond regard, were become indifferent to him; and, in this frame of mind, he left me, promising to return in the course of two months.

"He came: but, alas! how changed from what he had been!—Austere, morose, imperious, and unfeeling—he was the reverse of his former self.—To account for this alteration was impossible.—I had never offended him in any respect whatever: and, even now, my affection was unabated.

"He said his father had again urged him to marry the lady he had looked out for him; that my uncle was still inexorable; and my father and mother were resolutely determined never to receive me till he gave them permission. — This cruel intelligence overwhelmed me with anguish: my distress was inconceivable: but my tears made no impression on a heart indifferent to my sufferings. — Regardless of my prayers and supplications, he again left me to all the tortures of suspense. For three tedious months I never saw him; and every object around me seemed to participate the gloom I felt.—The mind of my faithful Jeannette was, I perceived, visibly depressed by some

secret malady: her once smiling features became gradually tinged with a pensive shade; and the aspect of winter, drear and comfortless, robbed our beautiful retreat of half its charms. At length your father came: but the austere air with which he had last quitted me, was now succeeded by a languid depression of spirits. He spoke little, and ate less. Your caresses alone had the power to rouse him. For three days he continued thus: but, on the fourth evening, as we were sitting alone, he suddenly threw himself at my feet.

"Oh! Marina!' he exclaimed, 'can you pardon a wretch who has made you the victim of his duplicity? —Your uncle is no more: he has long ceased to be a barrier to our happiness: yet I have done a deed which destroys it for ever.—Your mother no longer lives, to withhold her forgiveness: your father is' . . . .

"I heard no more: my agonised spirit sunk beneath the shock.—At the expiration of three weeks, I awoke to a full sense of my complicated wretchedness. Lord Arnon was gone: but a letter, which he had left behind him, sufficiently explained the extent of my misery.—He had the audacity to tell me that he was married to another; and the dread of a father's curse was his subterfuge for the commission of this unlawful act.—The terms which he offered, as a compensation, were only an insult; and I will not pollute my paper with the repetition of them.

"From some ambiguous hints in his letter, I was led to flatter myself that my father was yet alive: and I determined to quit France—to rely on his mercy, and implore his protection. My resolution was no sooner formed, than put into execution; and I soon reached England, in a state of suspended desperation.

"Upon our landing, I committed you to the care of my kind Jeannette, and travelled alone, concealed under a disguise, to the neighbourhood of my father. It was night when I reached the humble cottage of a well-born, but poor dependent upon my father's bounty. Beneath the disguise which I wore, he did not recognise the now unhappy creature, who was once his welcome almoner.

"I was shocked to behold the alteration which the good old man had undergone: his figure was sorrow personified; and scarcely could I gain courage to ask, what his appearance but too prophetically denoted.

"Oh! God! thou only wast witness to the agony of my soul, when I heard with trembling horror this terrible reply—

"Alas! stranger! he is gone! and my aged limbs, tottering under the loss of their only supporter, will soon follow him to the grave. His daughter broke his heart. She was once pure as the morning dew-drop; and Heaven only knows what could induce her to quit her doting parents. The young Lord Arnon did all in his power to comfort them: he was unwearied in his search of her; but never, till it was too late, could she be heard of. My good lady soon fell a martyr to her grief: but my benefactor still bore up with the hope of seeing her. He was disappointed: and happier had it been, had he followed his lady to the tomb.—Alas! that I should live to tell it! That daughter—matchless, as I thought, in virtue—by her abandoned conduct sent him to his grave; while she, poor thoughtless wretch! lives in splendid guilt in a foreign land.'—The tear of commiseration, which bedewed his furrowed cheek, closed this horrid tale.

"As he spoke, my blood congealed with freezing horror: my limbs, benumbed, forgot their office:

my senses were all maddening with phrensy: and, when he ended, with frantic wildness I grasped his shaking arm, and bade him conduct me to my father's tomb. — 'Oh! Bernard!' in madness I exclaimed, 'open the earth, and let it close for ever on such a wretch as I am!'—The tone of my voice now discovered me: the good man sunk at my feet, and entreated me to be calm. His words were the words of consolation: but my peace no language could restore. He wept, as I related the history of my credulous folly: he attended me to my child and Jeannette, nor ever left me till I went to Scotland. He was the messenger of my farewell to your father; and he brought me all the answer I required.—My reputation was ruined—undone—by the man in whom alone I had confided —and whose unexampled hypocrisy could alone have had the wickedness to destroy it.—I renounced him for ever; and, for all the miseries he had inflicted on me, I only asked this poor recompense—'Restore the fame of Marina's mother: let not her innocence suffer the stain of infamy.'—He swore to grant all I asked: and do you, my child, never acknowledge him as a father, till, by this act, he proves himself worthy the forgiveness of his expiring wife. —Never abandon my faithful Jeannette: be virtuous, and be happy. .... The pen trembles in my hand: my eyes grow dim: hardly can my exhausted strength invoke the blessing of the Almighty on my poor dear Marina.—Adieu for ever!

"MARINA ARNON."

(To be continued.)

Modern LIFE *delineated.*

(Continued from page 66.)

AT the moment of Gertrude's unexpected entrance, Emma was seated by a work-table, employed at her needle—but, alas! how changed! Languor and deep melancholy were spread over her countenance: her dress was slatternly in the extreme; and her whole appearance indicated internal misery.

Emma heard the door open, and turned her dejected face towards it, to see who had entered.—The moment she perceived Gertrude, "My God!" she exclaimed—"my dearest sister!" and fell senseless to the floor.—Gertrude raised her up, bathed her temples with cold water, and in a few moments saw her restored to life.

"Ah!" said Emma—"what a wretched being do you see! I feel ashamed, my beloved Gertrude, to look at you: your dress and your countenance aggravate my miseries."

Gertrude affectionately embraced her sister, and entreated her to be composed. "I am come, my dear Emma," said she, "to try my influence over your heart. I have visited Dublin purposely to persuade you to return to your native home."

"Oh! Gertrude! I am unworthy of any home. I have murdered my father, and destroyed the happiness of those who were dear to me. There is no home for me, but in the grave: it is there I must find a refuge from the miseries which distract me."

"Do not say so, my dear Emma. There is still a peaceful virtuous home, and a sister to sooth all your sorrows. In the days of youth and innocence, I was a friend dear to your heart: let me be the same, I beseech you, in the days of your affliction. I trust it will be in my power to mitigate your sufferings, and direct your attention to HIM who heals the wounded spirit."

"I am unworthy, Gertrude, of being a moment in your presence: I am become a reproach to my own heart, and a curse upon the earth."

"Whatever your errors have been, you shall never hear them repeated. It will be my delight to lead you into the path of virtue; but I shall never remind you of what is passed. I am charmed indeed to find you in this frame of mind; for I trust you will relinquish Frederic, and return with a sister, who will make it the study of her life to render you comfortable.—I can assure you that the last prayer which escaped our revered father's lips, was for you: and his last wish was that you might be converted from evil. Convince me, then, my dear Emma, that you still remember his virtues, by adhering to his wishes."

"But my present condition," said Emma mournfully, "proves a bar to the desire I feel of acquiescing with my father's request."

"This must not deter you from pursuing the path of virtue. At home every one will be ready to contribute to your ease and comfort; whereas, if you continue here, you may be deserted and forgotten. How corroding your eflexions will be, in these gloomy apartments, where you have not one female friend to support your spirits! In our quiet home, every thing will speak peace to your wounded heart. Come then, my dear sister! We have not a moment to lose.—I will assist you to change your dress: the coach is at the door; and we will leave this hateful place immediately."

"I cannot," said Emma, bursting into tears—"I cannot depart hence, without first taking leave of Frederic."

"I fear, Emma, this will only destroy your present good intentions."

"Oh! Gertrude! it was I who brought sorrow upon him. I cannot then desert him, without assigning a reason for my unsteady conduct."

Emma scarcely had concluded the sentence, when Frederic walked into the room, apparently flushed with wine: but so emaciated and altered was his person, that Gertrude scarcely recognised the noble youth she had once so highly esteemed. "Who is that coach waiting for at the door, my love?" said Frederic.—"For me," said Emma. "I am going, Frederic, to quit you for ever."

At that moment Gertrude turned her head towards him. "My beloved Gertrude here!" he exclaimed. "Nay, then, I know what has caused this sudden resolution. But I am resigned. I have long been completely miserable; and our separation cannot increase my misery.—Emma, the soothing tenderness of your invaluable sister may destroy the power of bitter reflexion in your mind: but, for myself, all places, and all societies, are equally the same. They cannot blunt the stings of conscience, or banish from my mind the recollection of the happiness which I might have enjoyed."

The tone of misery, in which these words were spoken, affected every feeling of Gertrude's soul. He looked as if despair had fixed its poisoned arrows in his heart. So highly was Gertrude affected by his voice and manner, that she started from her chair, and, taking hold of Frederic's hand, said—"If my forgiveness can restore peace to your bosom, it is yours. Nay, my prayers for your happiness shall accompany it: but, Frederic, if you ever sincerely esteemed me, you will show it now. You are not the first man who has erred: and I trust, your future life will atone for the transgression. Farewell, Frederic! and remember, your conduct this hour will give me either a favorable or a contemptuous opinion of your intentions and of your real character. I know that passion will sometimes efface

the noblest affections of the human heart: but, if people persevere in their errors, they deserve the punishment which ensues."

Frederic pressed Gertrude's hand to his lips; but he was incapable of making any reply.

"I shall wait for you in the coach, my dear Emma," said Gertrude, as she left the room. With faltering steps, she returned to the coach: but the scene she had witnessed was almost too much for her feelings. She could not erase from her mind's eye the agony and despair which was painted in Frederic's face.

After having waited near half an hour for Emma, at length Gertrude beheld Frederic leading her to the coach.—He did not utter a word, but in mournful silence lifted Emma into it. Emma threw herself into one corner of it, and drew her veil over her face, to hide her emotions: but her violent sobbing evinced the poignancy of her sufferings.

The coachman having received his directions, soon drove them to the place of Emma's intended residence—a genteel private lodging in a retired street, which Mrs. Pope, with kind attention, had previously engaged for her reception—judging that this arrangement would, for obvious reasons, be more agreeable to all parties, than if she attempted to introduce her into the house of her sister, Lady O'Neal.

On their arrival at the lodgings, Gertrude affectionately embraced her sister. "Look upon me, my dear Emma," said she, "as a substitute for every friend.—You have acted nobly. Thousands err: but how few so willingly return to the path of virtue!—I feel that my father's anxious wishes are already accomplished. You have convinced me, that it is possible to conquer our most violent attachments."

"My dear Gertrude!" replied Emma in accents of despondency, "you do not yet know my heart. What you attribute to a spirit of reformation, is only the effect of despair. I hoped that the sacrifice I had made for him would render me estimable in Frederic's eyes; but I have been most cruelly disappointed.—It is true, he never has upbraided me with my errors: but I am convinced he has considered me as the destroyer of his happiness: his melancholy countenance, and absent manner, have wounded my soul a thousand times more than the most bitter reproaches could have done."

"It was impossible, my dear Emma, to condemn you, without equally condemning himself. In fact, he was the more culpable of the two; for he deceived the friend who adored him, and treacherously seduced the affections of his wife."

"Still, Gertrude, you are deceived in our characters. *I* alone was the aggressor. At the moment when Frederic left my husband's house, his heart was torn by a thousand contending emotions."

"He should then have given the reins to virtue and not to passion. But let us drop the subject, my dear Emma! the past is irrevocable. Your generous apology for Frederic, and frank confession of your own errors, have reinstated you in my heart. I now only perceive an unfortunate sister, who requires all my attention and tenderness."

"Ah! Gertrude! I never can stifle the remembrance of my own perfidy: but I have been severely punished: I have had to combat with my own feelings; and I have been a butt for ridicule and malice from the most vicious. Edward's divorced wife is now the wife of Frederic's colonel. Her insolence has been insupportable to me. Under the title

of wife, she has forgotten the errors of her own life, and has cruelly made me the sport of the most abandoned."

"And did Frederic allow this? Oh! shame! shame!"

"I wished to acquaint him with it: but I was afraid of the consequences. I knew, his noble spirit would not tamely brook the insolence of his superiors to an unprotected female: and the consciousness of my own demerits humbled my spirit. The virtuous may boldly assert their rights: but the vicious must submit to every mortification, without repining: for, the more we attempt to stem the current of malignant passions, the more violent are they in overwhelming us."

"How I rejoice that you are now secure from the unprincipled conduct of the wicked! But come, my dearest Emma! look more cheerful. Time will yet restore you to yourself."

"Never! never! Penitence cannot atone for my errors: they are of too great a magnitude.—I abhor my conduct: but peace is for ever fled from my bosom."

"I will not reason with you on the subject now: but, when we are quietly sheltered in our own home again, I will then produce a thousand excitements to resignation. The grave is what despair may urge you to sigh for: but our faith and religion point out a future state: and it is sincere penitence and active virtue which make us acceptable there.—If the grave were to annihilate the active principle within us, thousands would wish for it, as an asylum from their cares: but we are not to depart as the brutes who perish. The light of reason restrains so impious a thought."

Emma threw her arms round her sister's neck, and wept immoderately. "It is you," she exclaimed, "who must reconcile me to this hateful life."

"I will," said Gertrude, wiping off the tears which fell from her sister's eyes, "endeavour to point out the most effectual means of composing your agitated spirits: but it must be after we have reached our peaceful home."

Here the unhappy Emma, whose frame was now completely exhausted by the painful agitation she had recently undergone, testified a wish to retire to rest—if rest could be enjoyed in her wretched condition.—Gertrude, though almost equally harassed by a succession of violent emotions, and equally in need of rest, would have remained in her sister's apartment, to watch over her: but, as Emma expressed a desire to be left alone, Gertrude availed herself of that interval, to return to Mrs. Pope, who was waiting in the most anxious suspense, to learn the transactions of the morning.

Having given her a faithful and minute account of every particular, "I am not more delighted," added Gertrude, "than I am surprised, at the facility with which Emma and Frederic have entered into my views."

"Why should you be surprised at it, my love? If they had been entirely abandoned to vice, your efforts to reclaim them would have been wholly unavailing. I have not the least doubt that they have severely felt the wretchedness of their condition. Friendship destroyed by perfidy, and conjugal affection by vice, must have made life hateful to them: and the imperfect tie, which binds the friendship of the wicked, is easily snapped in twain. But I am sorry to observe that Emma's calmness is not resignation; though her reflexions are sufficient to distract a firmer mind than hers."

"We cannot recall the past," said Gertrude: "but our efforts may yet restore Emma to herself."

"Never, my love.—She feels her

own unworthiness, and is convinced that she can never be received into society again, without subjecting herself to insults."

"That heart," observed Gertrude, "must be unfeeling indeed, which finds pleasure in mortifying a fallen sister."

"True," replied Mrs. Pope—"but it is highly requisite that the vicious passions in our sex should be checked and discouraged: for it is the virtues of the female heart which increase the happiness of a nation. An amiable mother forms the hearts of her sons. She implants there those noble propensities which make them useful citizens, upright merchants, worthy pastors of the church, and honest incorruptible senators.—Some people may fancy that the deviation of a few individuals from the path of virtue cannot affect the interests of a nation: but, if only one female in a thousand destroys the bond of conjugal affection, there is one link broken, in every thousand which cement society: and, if she has children, the evil increases more than we have power to form a just conception of."

"My dear Mrs. Pope! the penitent should not be treated with the severity due only to the most abandoned: and I have heard that there are many women well received in society, whose conduct is supposed to be as reprehensible as that of the poor outcasts in the streets of London. I have myself seen a few, whose levity of manner, and improper conversation, plainly intimated the corruptness of their hearts. At the same time, we are conscious that the charm, which gives a lustre to the female character, is perfect purity of heart, language, and manners. How then can we reconcile the contradictions we behold in the world, without feeling more lenient than we are to a dejected unhappy offender?"

"We are not, my love, to censure or judge any one from our own observation. When the criminality is once confirmed, it is proper that we do not give a licence to vice, by encouraging the free ingress of an offender into virtuous societies. You must not expect, even in a retired Welch village, that your sister will ever be looked upon and respected, as she has been."

"Then the neglect of others shall increase my tenderness to my unhappy sister."

"I have given my candid sentiments on the subject, to prepare you, my love, for what may happen. In every small town or village, there are individuals, whose highest gratification is derived from a fancied mental superiority. They always endeavour to crush those to the earth, who are in need of friendly supporters. They take upon themselves the office of public censors, to examine the conduct, dress, and manners, of their neighbours; and are so kind, that they endeavour to regulate and model others to their own system of perfection: but, if they meet with the least opposition, they soon become declared and implacable enemies."

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 78.)

Mr. Middleton, to Philip Sydney, Esq.

THIS will soon be a busy part of the world, Sydney. Incidents of a new and agreeable nature have already diversified the quiet scene in which I had hitherto been engaged. —In a place so remote from the gay world, I little expected to see any thing that wore the polish of modern refinement.—I have received a letter from Mr. Fortescue, in which he tells me, that, some time in the ensuing month, he shall be at Inverness, where he hopes to meet me; that he

accompanies a Mr. La Roche, a gentleman whom I heard often mentioned, when at Lenox Abbey.—Fortescue is an elegant amiable young man, with whom I have passed many happy hours. I shall meet him with a great deal of pleasure. I should have thought, Sydney, had you known of this tour, that you might have accompanied these gentlemen into the Highlands: but I know that you are lazy, and do not like to travel far from home.

The link which chains me so strongly to this spot, will soon, I fear, be broken: my venerable and revered friend is sinking fast into that eternal rest which he has so long wished for. It would be impious and cruel to repine at his release from his mortal pilgrimage: nature, spun out in him to an unusual length, will be so much exhausted, that his last sigh will, I hope, be as easy as the breath of an infant. While memory retains her retentive faculty, his idea will be fondly cherished by me. The good old man has bequeathed to me the fragments of his fortune, his hermitage—every thing that is his: but he has exacted from me one promise; and that is, that I will return to England immediately on his death, as he cannot bear the thought of my wasting my life, as he thinks it, on these mountains.—I am constant in my attendance on him; and what makes this attendance more pleasing, is, that I have an amiable and interesting companion, whose soft and gentle voice often revives the almost exhausted spirits of the Laird of Calderwood.

I was, one day, seated by the side of my friend on his favorite bench, reading to him; when, happening to lift up my head, I saw a female figure nimbly tripping toward us. I gazed with as much attention on the form before me, as I should have done at the most curious phænomenon; for indeed I had not seen any thing half so interesting during the many months I have resided here. The fair one, without noticing me, flew to the laird, flung her arms around his neck, pressed her soft cheek to his, and, with a voice which diffused harmony on all around, called him repeatedly her dear, dear guardian. The venerable old man pressed his lovely charge to his bosom, and thanked Heaven for having once more blessed his eyes with the sight of her. He then presented his ward to me, saying, "Middleton, this is my Isabella, the darling child of the best of men; and in Mr. Middleton my sweet girl sees a good young man, whose converse has power to charm away pain and care from an old man who loves him.

I ventured to press this pretty Highlander in my arms.—Oh! Sydney! this was the first female I had embraced since the parting kiss that Miss Lenox blessed me with. Unconscious what I said, I called this young innocent by a thousand soft and tender names. She had brought the recollection of the most charming of women so forcibly to my mind, that I could have sighed away my soul, as I gazed upon her.

Miss Gordon, innocent and modest as an angel, attempted not to withdraw herself from my arms; but, with a *naïveté* infinitely pleasing, she asked me why I looked so intently upon her, and why I pressed her so ardently to my bosom. I withdrew my arms, and, to recover myself, retired a few paces from her. I could hear her say to her guardian, "My dear sir, who is this Mr. Middleton? and how came he here? I fear I have offended him." The delighted old man, whose trust and confidence in me is unlimited, bade his ward put those questions to me; for he knew that I should have a pleasure in answering of them.

Isabella came to me, and, carelessly laying her hand on my shoulder, asked me if I was angry with her. I was quite charmed with this sweet artless girl; and in a short time we were perfectly at ease with each other.

I don't think that Miss Gordon will be a handsome woman: but she is at present a very fine girl, just seventeen, tall, beautifully fair, with fine golden hair, which flows in loose curls on her shoulders. She was just returned from France: the Laird of Calderwood knew of her coming, but wished to surprise me with the unexpected sight of his ward. Mrs. Gordon was too much fatigued with her journey to accompany her daughter on her first visit to her guardian.

The days are always short, that I pass at the Hermitage: but this was particularly so.—When the evening approached, the laird begged of me to see his Isabella home; which I did with a great deal of pleasure. We walked to M'Leod's, where a carriage and servants were waiting for her. I found this was their usual manner of visiting the laird: they always leave their carriage at my host's; and he accompanies them to the Hermitage.

I placed myself by the side of my fair young friend, and saw her safe to her mother's, to whom she introduced me. Mrs. Gordon is really an elegant woman, and perfectly well bred.—I could soon perceive that she was anxious for her daughter's visiting England. "My daughter," said she to me, "has certainly had the attendance of the first masters, in every science necessary to complete a female education; and has, I flatter myself, profited as much from their instructions as an anxious mother could wish: but all this will answer nothing, if Isabella must pass the prime of her youth in retirement. In my opinion," continued she, "a young woman of fashion ought early in life to be initiated into the world, in order to receive that elegance and ease of manner which no masters can give. But this introduction, if deferred too long, will not get the better of the rust which a young person, who passes her life in obscurity, naturally contracts."

"I had not so far forgotten the rules of politeness, as absolutely to contradict Mrs. Gordon; though I could not entirely assent to her opinion. She asked me to dine with them the next day; which I did; and, on the following, I attended them to the Hermitage. In short, we have been inseparable: and Miss Gordon, notwithstanding what her mother says of her rust, is an amiable, elegant young woman. I was willing to know if my young friend was as impatient to go to London as her mother; but I found she was perfectly indifferent about it: and, when I told her, that in all probability she would not be detained in these Highlands much longer, for that I thought the Laird of Calderwood declined daily, I saw the pearly drops trace each other down her fair cheek. This proof of the tenderness of her heart gave a greater brilliancy to her charms in my eyes, than all the polish which mixing with the fashionable world can give her. But I am greatly pleased to find this fine girl's connexions are such as will give her every advantage. Her uncle Campbell is father of the young beauty you admired so much at Lenox Abbey; so that Isabella will certainly have the happiness of an intimacy with Miss Lenox. I have described to her the charming circle she will be introduced to; and I was so warm and so unguarded in my commendations of Miss Lenox, that Isabella, young and artless as she is, suspects me. "I wonder," said she to me, "when I have the honor of being acquainted with that lady, if I should accidentally mention the name of Harry Middleton—I wonder, whether

she will launch forth in your praise, if her face will glow, if her eyes will sparkle, if her hand will tremble, as yours did when you touched mine, while you talked with so much delight about her."

The laird, who heard this conversation, smiled at the vivacity of his ward. To change the subject—"My dear Isabella," cried I, "when you go to London, do not let the barbarous hand of the *friseur* torture your fine locks with his hot irons, and defile them with his abominable powder and pomatum."—"I will," replied she, "in this, and every particular of my dress and address, be guided by the advice of your Matilda," drawling out the two last words.

But what trifling this is to a man of your knowledge! Once, Sydney, you were not altogether so indifferent to the loveliest part of God's works. I wish you had this fine girl by your side. I should like, of all things, to see how your countenance and voice would gradually relax into harmony.

The Laird of Calderwood's trust and confidence in me must be very great, or he must think I am not subject, like other men of my age, to the frailties of human nature; otherwise he would not promote, as he does, so unreserved an intimacy between his ward and me. No consideration should tempt me to take advantage of his unsuspecting nature. I am well convinced that the sentiments which Isabella and I feel for each other, are purely fraternal; and I really have her welfare very much at heart.—I hope her immense fortune will not be the means of her falling a prey to one of our debauched men of quality. Rank will be the first consideration with her mother; and to that she would sacrifice the future happiness of her child. I should be glad, therefore, if she could soon form an attachment with some of the young men of fashion who are worthy of her.—But I see my man returning from the post-office; and I hope I am not again disappointed in my expectations of receiving a letter from you.

The wished-for packet is arrived: but what intelligence it contains! Gracious heavens! Sydney! what do you tell me? Miss Lenox going to be married! Is Miss Lenox to be married, and to Lord William Mandeville?—Impossible! But why do I say impossible? It is possible: 'tis more: 'tis very, very probable. I know Lord Mandeville to be elegant, insinuating, accomplished, descended from one of the first families in the kingdom:—it is a match that Lord Granville must approve.—Lovely Matilda! may you be happy! may joy and peace crown all your days, and give additional grace, if possible, to your soft and gentle form! And may you, Lord William, be sensible of the value of the blessing you possess! If ever you for a moment forget it, may infamy and never-ending remorse be your fate!

Away with your cold philosophy, Sydney! Again I tell you, my soul is governed by passions too ardent, tumultuous, and refractory, to be argued into temperance by your reasoning. Your fine-spun arguments have not power to calm the quick vibration of my pulse.—I cannot write any more at present. I will try if my boy's voice and pipe can attune my soul to peace again.—For a while, then, adieu! H. MIDDLETON.

(To be continued.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 27.)

WILLIAM meanwhile sees his squadrons beginning to give way: quick as the lightning traverses the expanse of heaven, he flies to the scene of confusion, and, by his presence alone, restores the drooping

courage of his warriors. The proud Ferdinand, who so lately wished to see him appear, is now intimidated; and even Vitelli himself recoils. But William, shuddering with anxiety, inquires the fate of his brother, when immediately he sees him mounted on a fresh steed, revived by the prompt assistance of his friends, but still more effectually by the fire of his own native valour.

Animated by the presence of William, "Warriors!" exclaims Lewis to his countrymen, "the enemy vaunts of having disarmed and deprived me of life: let the most intrepid among you follow me: let us run to wrest from him the most formidable of his arms—those brazen mouths that vomit death against our batallions."—William hears these words, and, were he swayed by fraternal tenderness alone, would entreat Lewis not to rush into the jaws of destruction: but, restrained by patriotism and the love of glory, he has only time to direct toward his brother a look, in which those different sentiments are portrayed. Lewis dismounts from his courser: his troop imitate his example, and spring forward in defiance of danger. Aldegonde participates in the honor of this attack.

Serbellone sees the dauntless cohort advance. Astonished at the daring boldness of the enterprise, he for a moment feels the emotions of terror. In universal and oft-repeated peals, all his thunders together roar in dread unison; nor less the dire commotion, than when the subterraneous caverns burst in wide volcanoes, and vomit torrents of liquid flame.—Lewis, Lumey, Aldegonde, do not slacken their eager speed: though they witness the fall of a considerable portion of their warriors, they inspire the remaining few with courage equal to their own; and each undauntedly follows his leaders, regardless of present death that frowns in his face. Through a path streaming with blood, Lewis at length has arrived in front of those destructive engines: here commences a more dreadful conflict: they are attacked with the sword—with the sword they are defended, while at the same time they continue to bellow; and the glowing bronze is drenched with streams of blood.

Animated by the presence of Lewis, the intrepid Idamor was taking possession of one of the Spanish thunders, when the flame was communicated to its nitrous contents: his outstretched arm is swept away: he falls; and his temples, on which Victory was preparing to place the laurel-wreath, strike against the brazen engine which he was on the point of seising. Lumey is threatened with a similar fate: for, lo! Irdazan advances, armed with the blazing match: but the impetuous Lumey plunges his steel into the bosom of the Spaniard: the match drops from his grasp; and, with a sigh, his soul flies indignant to the shades below.

Serbellone now despairs of being able to preserve those powerful machines.—Vitelli, Avila, Ferdinand, by the orders of Alva, fly to the assistance of that warrior. Ferdinand descries Lewis, and recoils in amaze.—Meanwhile, at William's command, Genlis, Lanoue, Irthur, and their associates, hasten to the spot.—William himself advances.—Lewis by turns engages with Serbellone, Ferdinand, Vitelli, Avila. A numerous band of heroes follow his steps. Thus attacked, Serbellone and Vitelli begin to give ground. Avila still wishes to oppose Lewis: but this is not the destined spot where they are to make trial of their courage against each other.

As shone, before the walls of

Ilion, the victor hero spoiling his prostrate foe of his blood-stained armour—such, and still greater, shines Lewis, despoiling the whole adverse host of those formidable arms—turning them against their late masters—and pouring confusion and dismay through their disordered ranks. William beholds his brilliant success, and exclaims—"Let us pursue the steps of Lewis to certain victory!"

The hour was now arrived, when the shepherd, after having indulged his flocks with the refreshment of the pure stream, conducts them to the shade of the groves, where—while they slowly roam, and browse the verdant herbage, or enjoy the cool breeze, and stretch themselves in sleep—he takes his rural repast, and resigns himself to the sweets of peaceful repose. But here all the warriors eagerly continue the conflict, without feeling the wants of exhausted nature, or the intense heat of the sun, whose powerful effects are increased by the fires with which they are armed, and by the burning steams breathed forth from their furious bosoms.

Victory had already declared in favor of that party who fought under the banners of Justice—and Alva, decisively defeated, no longer looked for any resources, except from his valour and prudence — when the dæmon of war presents him with the new-devised engines which he had lately fabricated. "Suffer the enemy," said he, "to possess those brazen machines, in the acquisition of which he proudly exults. Behold! here are the arms I have promised you; and you shall soon be made better acquainted with their destructive effects."

Alva for a moment hesitates whether he shall have recourse to them rather than to his valour alone: but, seeing his routed squadrons fleeing in every direction, he consents to unite the aid of those engines with his own efforts. Immediately the dæmon of war cries out, in a voice which echoes to the vault of heaven—"Ye brazen globes, rise for the first time in the fields of death, and strike the clouds!"—A warrior advances—by name Almanzor—with trembling hand conveys the spark to the nitrous charge, and falls scorched and blasted by the bursting flame. The Spaniards stand appalled at the sight, and refuse to kindle those fires, of which they are themselves the first victims.

Hereupon the dæmon of battle seises himself a blazing torch, sets fire to the brazen volcano; and from its hollow womb issues, amid a torrent of fire, a terrific roar, which drowns the noise of all the other thunders, and shakes the walls of Leiden, with the whole surrounding plain. Pale with astonishment and affright, the combatants suspend for a moment their martial toils; and from numerous hands their weapons fall to the ground. Dæmon of war! thou view'st the scene with delight and self-applause, and think'st thyself the master of the thunder. Thy example is imitated by the Spanish host; and numerous flaming bombs, like blazing comets, soar through the atmosphere, kindle the dormant lightning in the clouds, fall again to the earth with frightful hissings, burst with tremendous din, and scatter multiplied deaths around. Thus, equal in audacity to those daring mortals who piled Ossa upon Pelion, and the woody Olympus upon Ossa, man, without rising from the earth, again attacks the heavens; and the heavens seem to pour down their wrath in brazen showers, to repel the bold attempts of man.

Immediately Terror with disheveled hair, and Death more pale and

hideous than he had ever before appeared to mortal eye, descend from the chariot of War, and rush through William's host. Whole ranks are swept away, like the entire crop of corn which the keen wing of Boreas mows down in his rapid flight. Affectionate Friendship! tender Love! heretofore you were seen to tread with melancholy steps the field of slaughter: but, on this destructive day, fly far from the dreadful scene! you could not endure the terrific aspect of death; it seems to annihilate the objects of your fond affection, and deprives you even of the melancholy consolation of collecting their scattered limbs. More dreadful than death itself, terror seises those whom death has spared: the eyes of Genlis, of Lanoue, of Aldegonde, are covered with a dark mist: the bosoms of Lewis and Lumey are agitated by turbid emotions: even the heart of William is alarmed: but he suppresses the rising sentiment with indignation; and, seeing the Batavians preparing to give way, he raises his voice, and amid the dire tumult thus audibly exclaims—

"Stop, my friends! follow me! new dangers require a display of new courage. It is not an army of immortals who wage war against us: those weapons, formidable only at a distance, will overtake you in your flight. Let us, after the example of Lewis, dare to wrest them from the hands of our assailants."

He said, and marches forward to achieve the conquest; but the most intrepid refuse to follow him. After a while, however, they rally: their chiefs place themselves at their head, and the soldiers expect certain death. —Alva flies to meet them, in the fond hope of completing their discomfiture, his looks beaming with anticipated triumph.

As a huge fragment of rock, torn from the frowning brow of a lofty mountain, rushes down its sides with thundering din, and, bounding in its way, flies over the torrents or diverts their course, and puts to flight the browsing flocks and their affrighted guardians—when an aged oak singly checks its rapid course;—so Alva sweeps along, till William arrests him in his furious career. The Batavians re-assemble around their standards: their ranks are formed: on both sides each step is carefully planned: here the adverse hosts jealously observe each other's motions, while in every other quarter they are engaged in furious combat.

In spite of the noise of the bombs which darken the face of heaven, Douza, at the head of his most intrepid warriors, sallies forth from the walls of Leiden. To heighten the courage of the heroes who advance to his assistance, and to second their purpose, he disperses Alphonso, Romero, and their batallions, and mingles with those who are warring on the plain. William, observing his bold attempt, seises the moment to introduce an additional number of gallant defenders into Leiden—the object of the combat in which he is engaged. If successful in overcoming the obstacles which oppose the execution of that design, he considers himself as completely victorious. Notwithstanding the dangers by which he is assailed on every side, he selects a valiant band, which he intrusts to the conduct of the undaunted Actor, a native of the city that he wishes to relieve; and, preparing to support him, he gives him orders to join Douza—not afraid to diminish his own strength, provided he can increase the force that is to defend the citadel.—"Haste!" said he: "let not Douza move far from the bulwarks of liberty: if we are here to fall, be it your duty on those

ramparts to triumph over tyranny: and, lo! the numerous cohorts of Alva are rushing toward them with impetuous speed."

Obedient to his command, the warriors fly to meet Douza: on their way they support a sanguinary contest, and, under the guidance of the intrepid Actor, at length reach that chief, and execute all William's orders. Douza and his troop, thus reinforced by the arrival of these heroes, are unable to regain the walls of Leiden without sustaining new conflicts: — with their swords they gloriously open themselves a passage.

(*To be continued.*)

The Old Gentlewoman.

(*Continued from page* 68.)

The Fortune-Hunter.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

That I may not wholly tire you out with my contrasts and comparisons, I must preface my present communication, by stating that it arises from the complaint of your correspondent, *Henry**, upon the grievance of having a rich wife.

Without doubting the justice of his complaints, I will give a little narrative of a gentleman, who has been lost to all the purposes of useful life, by failing to obtain what the other has so unluckily acquired.

Stephanus was the only child of a country gentleman of ancient family, whose life was spent in a perpetual struggle to keep up pretensions to which his resources were inadequate. His wife was his counterpart; and, as far as congeniality of disposition is capable of producing conjugal happiness, they possessed it as fully as people could do, who were discontented with the state in which Providence had thought fit to place them.

To their son they gave a sort of common private education, which did not assist the expansion or strengthening of his mental powers. —This they glossed over to the world, by Philippics against great schools and universities; while the young man, unaccustomed to associate with those who were acquainted with them, imbibed the sentiments of his parents, and remained contentedly under the tuition of the village curate. Nature had bestowed all that could conduce to his future welfare, except energy: and, wanting the stimulus of emulation, his better judgement failed to show him the necessity of exertion. His parents, it is true, anxiously wished that he should improve his condition: but the means of doing so were not easily attainable. The last scion of the old genealogical tree was not to be trusted either to the army or the navy: for law or physic, the expense of education was too great: commerce, in all its branches, was looked upon as degrading; and the situation of a country clergyman was regarded as inadequate to his pretensions. They neither possessed money nor interest to procure for him any of those comfortable sinecures, which, in the present times, help out many, otherwise limited, incomes.

A "rich wife," therefore, was the only imaginable mean of improving his fortune. Stephanus was both a personable and a pleasing young man. What he wanted in information, he made up in good-nature: and his deficiency in elegance, and knowledge of the world, was atoned for, by a sort of ingenuity, which, though not of great utility, nevertheless rendered him an amusing and serviceable companion to that sex,

* See our last No. page 68.

into whose society he was entirely thrown.

From the age of twenty he was always the attendant of some wealthy girl, with whom his parents contrived, to form an intimacy, without explaining their mercenary views. A youth of shy and indolent habits, being once induced to pay attention, insensibly found pleasure in continuing it: and his time was occupied, though his heart was uninterested, in riding and reading, dining and dancing, with Miss A, Miss B, or Miss C; with each of whom, in succession, he appeared to be a favored beau.

They, however, and many more, bestowed themselves elsewhere: but he still survived it; and, at the next public meeting, was again making his advances to the richest girl there.

In some cases, a more adventurous lover carried off the prize: in others, his success was impeded by difficulties about settlements; and thus years passed on in this unavailing pursuit.

The blind god, however, does not always suffer those who trifle with him to escape with impunity. A young lady, a distant relation, possessing every desirable gift, save those of Plutus, made on his heart an impression, such as her wealthier rivals had never been able to make.

Stephanus anxiously tried to gain his parents' acquiescence, and, on the lady's part, gave every assurance of frugality and accommodation that could reasonably be required; but neither their affection for an only son, nor their poverty, would give the desired consent; and her principles of rectitude forbade her entering the family without it. The match was therefore given up; and his hopes were ultimately crushed by her acceptance of another offer.

From that moment, a restless irritation of mind rendered some pursuit absolutely necessary to his existence. He felt it too late to qualify himself for a new one, and relapsed into the old, still pleasing himself with the hope that it would eventually relieve him from the control of his parents, whom he now considered as having marred the happiness which he might otherwise have enjoyed.

Ere this time, however, the world perfectly understood his views. No woman of common sense will accept a man, to whom fortune is the decided attraction. His attentions, of course, though cheerfully accepted, were never seriously repaid; and he gradually sank into the character of an old bachelor.

As his parents both lived to extreme old age, his habits of subserviency were so completely fixed before their deaths, as to render him totally unqualified for those of command; and he is now laughed at by his neighbours, and managed by his servants.

On meeting him a few days ago, after an interval of two and forty years, I was shocked to see the sprightly beau of our juvenile balls dwindled into a little pale-faced, precise, toothless, and tiresome speech-maker. I could not but lament this woeful contrast with the promise of his youth, and think how different his present condition would have been, if he had had the good fortune to form an advantageous connexion.

The foolish and ambitious avarice that had marred his best-grounded projects of felicity, has had a striking lesson. The only lady, of the many to whom he made his proposals, who was rejected by his parents, has, by a succession of fortunate contingencies, proved one of the best fortunes in the county, and, by her association and example, has render-

ed her husband, though less kindly endowed by nature than Stephanus, not only one of the happiest of men, but also a most respectable member of society.

Riches, sir, are indeed a most desirable blessing ; but the folly of pursuing them as the only one thing needful, has long been apparent to your humble servant,

An Old Gentlewoman.

The present King *of* Sicily.

(*From Mr. Eustace's* "*Tour through Italy.*")

Ferdinand IV. is now* in the fifty-first year of his age ; in his person he is tall and straight, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long; his hair and eye-brows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good-nature and benignity, that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me, if I presume to mention it as a compliment) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency, a state best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister: if only one degree above it, he becomes restless, and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph ; and if cursed with genius, he turns out, like Frederic, a conquerer and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and direct it; and these advantages he was unfortunately deprived of, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father*, and in part by the negligence or design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him, to application. The result has been, as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits, is such as to extend to articles, known, among us, to every person above daily labor; and it not unfrequently shows itself in conversation, and betrays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed, that it was no wonder, as all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe ; the king asked with surprise, when such a deed had been perpetrated before ; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, *what* king of England was ever put to death by his people ? The other of course answering, "Charles I." his majesty exclaimed with some degree of warmth and indignation—"No, sir, it is impossible. You are misinformed ; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime." He added—"Depend upon

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* In 1802, the year in which Mr. Eustace visited Italy. Ed.

* Don Carlos, who succeeded to the crown of Spain in 1759. Ed.

it, sir, it is a mere tale, trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris, to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation: it may do very well to deceive their own people; but it will not, I hope, dupe us."

Dreams *and* Omens.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

I have been led to make some remarks on this subject, by a circumstance which recently happened to a friend of mine. He dreamed that a particular friend of his, recently dead, came to him, and told him he should die before the end of that month. There were some other minor circumstances connected with the dream: but this one appalling idea took complete hold of my friend's imagination; and I was even afraid that he would have made himself ill by anticipation. He did not want for reason and sound sense: indeed I am proud to respect both in him: but he could not banish the idea, till another month had fairly arrived; and then he recovered his accustomed serenity.

Dreams are certainly very unaccountable things sometimes: but we may often trace them to some very simple circumstance. If the mind has been deeply engaged during the day by any very particular and very over-bearing event, it will, during sleep, insensibly follow a train of ideas somewhat resembling our waking thoughts. But, more frequently, dreams are to be deduced from some bodily oppression, from a too hearty or too heavy supper occasioning indigestion, which will often produce what is called night-mare, more especially, I believe, if the sleeper is lying on his back. Happily, the old-fashioned interpretations, which used to be drawn from almost all dreams, have been long wearing away, and are now little, if at all, heeded. At one time, it was no unusual thing to resort to certain means to procure dreams of divination, such as laying under the pillow a piece of the first cut of the cheese at a lying-in, that young people might dream of their lovers; with various other devices, which the fair readers of the Lady's Magazine will recollect without my naming them; and some of them perhaps will be able to remember resorting to some such, half in joke and half in earnest.

As to omens, the world used to be full of them, and is still full of jocular remembrances of them; and, indeed, few persons now pay any other attention to them, except in some remote parts of the country, where they are still held in some measure sacred. Most of these omens have been handed down from the ancients, such as the tingling of the ear, and the burning of the cheek, which are said to be indications that somebody is talking of us; also that the cry of different birds, the raven, the owl, the magpie, and the chirping of the cricket, are ominous. Among those most known as bad omens by the moderns, are the spilling of salt, a winding-sheet in the candle; the hearing a death-watch, or screech-owl, or howling dog; the bouncing of a cinder from the fire; though this is sometimes thought a good omen, when it is construed into a purse, and not a coffin: and if thirteen persons should happen to sit down to an entertainment together, that one of them will certainly die before the end of the twelve-month.

Among the good omens are, stumbling up stairs, the sign of a wedding: putting on one stocking the wrong side outwards, or getting out of bed backwards without previous intention, are signs of good luck: and the ladies have their sweethearts and

true-lovers' knots at the bottom of tea-cups, &c. &c.

These are not a hundredth part of what might be enumerated as omens; to say nothing of witchcraft, the interpretation of moles, marks on the finger-nails, &c. I can only rejoice that they are no longer resorted to, except among the lower classes and most ignorant people.—Hurdis has very happily blended nearly the whole of these matters together, and drawn from them the very best inference; he says—

"I much admire, we ever should complain
That life is sharp and painful, when ourselves
Create the better half of all our woe.
Who can he blame, who shudders at the sight
Of his own candle, and foretells with grief
A winding-sheet? who starts at the red coal,
Which bounces from his fire, and picks it up,
(His hair on end) a coffin? spills his salt,
And dreads disaster? dreams of pleasant fields,
And smells a corpse? and ever shuns with care
The unpropitious hour to pare his nails?
Such fears but ill become a soul that thinks.
Let time bring forth what heavy plagues it will:
Who pain anticipates, that pain feels twice,
And often feels in vain. Yet, though I blame
The man who with too busy eye unfolds
The page of time, and reads his lot amiss,
I can applaud to see the smiling maid
With pretty superstition pluck a rose,
And lay it by till Christmas. I can look
With much complacency on all her arts
To know the future husband. Yes, ye fair,
I deem it good to take from years to come
A loan of happiness." J. M. LACEY.

Mental ACCOMPLISHMENTS *and* GOOD TEMPER *preferable to* BEAUTY.

By J. M. L.

. . . . . "To dazzle let the vain design:
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So, when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light.
Serene in virgin modesty she shines;
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines."
Pope.

So Pope addressed an amiable woman; and so should it be every female's pride to be addressed. Too frequently we see the fairest and most beautiful women, whose charms "need not the foreign aid of ornament," wasting half their time in studying how they should most adorn themselves, and more than wasting the other half, by assuming a superiority and pride which should not belong to any human being, and which they assume, as much from the consciousness of their gay trappings, as from the knowledge of their great beauty. Thus are coquettes made. —I wish not to be severe on my fair friends: I only wish to give them a few hints, which may point out to them how very vain is a reliance on beauty alone, and how truly superior to it are the winning charms of an accomplished mind, true modesty, and an even and good temper.

I appeal to any man of sound sense, who has met with a beautiful woman, but one who has spoiled her charms by an extreme fondness for dress and expensive pleasures, and who, in addition to all this, has more delight in being the goddess of a hundred fops and fools, than in knowing she possesses the whole heart and the fondest affections of one honest and honorable man—I appeal to him, I say, whether his first impressions of admiration were not soon turned to disgust; for such a man would soon find, that

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

If he is looking for a wife, he is looking beyond what is called the

honey-moon; or, rather, he is looking to make his whole life one honey-moon, by finding a woman, who, like himself, would consider domestic happiness as the best good, and who would say with him,

> "Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
> Of Paradise, that has surviv'd the fall!
> Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
> Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace." *Cowper.*

I would not be understood to say that every handsome woman is vain, or a coquette: I can bear witness to the contrary. I only wish to impress upon the mind of every female, that good temper, with but few other aids, is often superior to personal charms. Beauty alone will not amuse by its constant flow of pleasing conversation and ready wit; beauty alone will not cheer the wounded mind, and bring it back to comfort and to peace.

> "To calm the troubled breast, to soften woe,
> To stop the tear misfortune taught to flow,
> He, that surveys our griefs with pitying eyes,
> Sent down the nymph Good Humour from the skies.
> Her beauteous presence beams perpetual day:
> The Loves and Graces in her person play:
> The op'ning flow'rs bloom sweeter where she treads:
> The faded blossoms lift anew their heads:
> The lovely seraph waves her purple wing,
> Diffusing all the balmy sweets of spring;
> Bestows fresh beauties on the blooming vale,
> And pours fresh fragrance on the spicy gale." *Miss Falconar.*

Beauty soon loses its force upon the mind of man, if it depends but upon itself for support; nay, if it should happen to be accompanied with ill-temper, it even renders its possessor more unpleasant. Besides, beauty is so fragile that it frequently sinks before the breath of sickness, like the pale snow-drop of spring before the chilling blast. Beauty is not unfrequently like a day, whose morning bursts upon us, all splendor, whose noon becomes gloomy and overcast, and whose evening closes with clouds and tears. On the contrary, plainness in a female, when accompanied by a well-informed mind, and a temper not to be ruffled, is like the day whose early hour is dull and unattractive, but whose noon is illumined by the brightest beams of a summer sun, the rays of which depart not till they gently fade away in an evening full of glory.

Oh! then, my fair friends, study how to win the man of sense: fly the evanescent beings who flutter round beauty, like butterflies round the rose —vainer by far, in general, than the woman who attracts them.

> "Unwedded maiden! is there yet a man
> For wisdom eminent? seek him betimes.
> He will not shun thee, though thy frequent foot
> Wear out the pavement at his door.
> . . . . Let the spruce beau,
> That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous fool,
> Who talks of honor and his sword, and plucks
> The man who dares advise him, by the nose;
> That puny thing, which hardly crawls about,
> Yet vapors loudly o'er his glass, resolv'd
> To tell a tale of nothing, and outswear
> The northern tempest; let that fool, I say,
> Look for a wife in vain, and live despis'd." *Hurdis.*

I am well convinced there are but few, if any, of the fair readers of the Lady's Magazine, to whom it is at all necessary to point out the propriety of paying more attention to the mind than to the person: yet there can be no harm, and there may be some good, in reiterating such advice to them; for they may rest assured that the improvement of the mind, and the government of the temper, are two of the most essential things to them in this life. Certainly, a fine form and face, and an elegant

neatness in dress, are powerful recommendations; but still they are points of minor importance. Let us, for a moment, picture to ourselves the fairest woman, one who has

"Spring on her cheek, and sunshine in her eye;

and at the same time let us fancy her habited in the most splendid robes. It is done; and she stands before us, an image fit almost to be worshipped: but, alas! she is ill-tempered! Behold! her brow becomes wrinkled: her eye darts out the lightnings of vengeance: she bites her lip vehemently; and her whole form is convulsed by the direst passion! Can she be the same? Alas! Yes, is the pitiful reply. Is it possible that such a woman's beauty, that such a woman's elegant habiliments, can ever atone for such a display of rage?—Oh! never!—Guard then, my fair countrywomen, guard your hearts, by improving your minds, from the impulses of passion. To you we look for all our dearest and best comforts: 'tis you who soften the pillow of sickness; 'tis you who give a zest to the hour of health; 'tis you who cradle the form of infancy, and support the feebleness of extreme old age: oh! then, watch over your every action: be Virtue your guide and goddess; and you will ever find yourselves as loved and respected as you deserve to be.

ATHENS, *and the modern* GREEKS.

(*From Mr. Galt's "Letters from the Levant.*")

I CANNOT describe the modern city of Athens in fewer words, than by saying that it looks as if two or three ill-built villages had been rudely swept together at the foot of the north side of the Acropolis*, and inclosed by a garden wall, three or four miles in circumference. The buildings occupy about four fifths of the inclosure: the remainder is ploughed, and sown with barley at present*.

The distant appearance of the Acropolis somewhat resembles that of Stirling Castle: but it is inferior in altitude and general effect. As a fortress, it is incapable, at present, of resisting any rational attack. . . .

The common estimate of the population of the city is ten thousand souls; and I think it is not far from the truth. What I am going to add, will surprise you. . . . The town contains no less than thirty-nine parish churches, besides the metropolitan, and upwards of eighty chapels . . . . Athens is the seat of an archbishop. . . . The province is extensive, comprehending all on this side of Salona and Zeitun, and reaching to Cape Colonna.

In order to give you as full a notion as possible of the present state of the Greek clergy, I will begin with the parish in which I reside . . . . In it there are no less than ten chapels. The present incumbent bought the living on the condition of paying to the archbishop seven pounds ten shillings yearly. The ways and means for raising this sum, and what is over for his own subsistence, consist of certain customary gifts at births, marriages, sicknesses, and deaths, thanksgiving for escapes, &c. &c. In cases of extreme danger, the high and efficient prayers of His Grace the Archbishop may be obtained for the sum of forty shillings.

The parochial pastors are removable at the will of the archbishop; and the offer of a better *bonus* is a good

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* The citadel—not, however, a *proper name*, or the distinctive appellation of the *Athenian* citadel exclusively (as the *Capitol* in ancient Rome), but used, by the Greek writers, as the common appellation of any and every citadel. EDIT.

* The date of the letter is *March* 1.

and valid reason for discarding any clergyman in Athens.

Considering the extent of the diocese, and the credulity of the people, the archbishopric of Athens should be a tolerable living: but the simony and corruptions of the Greek church are not limited to the inferior priesthood . . . . The diocese is purchased for an annual stipend from the patriarch of Constantinople; and the patriarchate itself is bought in a similar maner from the Divan; the Greek church being, in this respect, little better than an excise on Christian souls, for the emolument of the Ottoman state. The net income of the present archbishop of Athens may possibly exceed three hundred pounds sterling. His palace would, in Scotland, rank as a manse of the first class, and, in England, as a respectable parsonage. . . . .

In the immediate neighbourhood of the city, there are twelve monasteries, which, if not extravagantly, are at least comfortably endowed, for the kind of people who inhabit them. The Greek friars are not held, like those of the Roman church, to be perpetually devoted. In the monasteries, only the superior, who is always a priest, and the officiating priest, are required to be of this description. The remainder of the brotherhood is composed of students, and others who assist in cultivating the domain attached to the house. These may change their life: but such an act is viewed as so reprobate, that few have the courage to attempt it.

The famous university of Athens has dwindled into two pitiful colleges, where classic Greek is professedly taught. The students are few; and their proficiency is small. Degrees are not conferred, and literary honors are no longer known at Athens. There are several private schools; and I understand that commonly all the Christian males can read and write. . . . . Few of the Greeks can afford to educate their children beyond the mere rudiments of instruction; and books are not to be purchased here.

The Turks have five moschs with minarets, which are analogous to parish churches—and six tikays, which are of the nature of chapels. They have also three public schools, where their youth are instructed even more slenderly than the Greeks.

The only provision for the Athenian poor consists in two or three little apartments adjoining to the parish churches, which are granted free to helpless women:—infirm and needy men retire into the monasteries. . . . .

The baths and coffee-houses are the only places of public amusement which the Athenians of the nineteenth Christian century enjoy. . . . .

In the person of the governor, the supreme secular as well as military authority is vested. His guard, which is also the garrison, takes cognisance of those offences which, in Christian countries, fall under the special jurisdiction of the poliee. After dark, every body, who has occasion to go abroad, must carry, or be accompanied with, a light. If found by the patrole without this flaming minister, the culprit is immediately taken to the guard-house, and whipped on the soles before he is examined—the penalty for wanting the light.

A set of Greek civil magistrates have succeeded to the office of the ancient *Archons*. They are called primates; and their duty is to adjust the litigations of the Christians, and to regulate the imposition of the tribute, which they always take care shall fall as light as possible on themselves and their friends. . . . .

The Piræeus*, which was the great port, is a small gulf, about half as large on the surface as one of the London docks. A very few reliques of ancient works about it are still visible. The remains of two beacons, which marked the channel into the inner harbour, are still above the water. . . . .

The Piræeus was the Wapping of Athens . . . . . The town no longer exists. A monastery, dedicated to St. Spiridion, and inhabited by three or four friars—a summer retreat and warehouses belonging to a Frenchman, who resides in the city in the double capacity of physician and merchant—and a custom-house, the collector belonging to which is a dealer in fruit and Greekish spirits—constitute the small beginnings of a new town. . . . .

In the harbour, two ships were at anchor—One of them . . . . had lately arrived, with a cargo of human beings, from Africa. The Athenians were always great slave-mongers; and at present there are between two and three hundred [*slaves*] in the city. They are chiefly females, the servants of the Turks, who have the reputation of being indulgent and kind-hearted masters. . . . .

The only trade at the Piræeus, besides the little that is done in the human commodity, is the exportation of the productions of the Athenian soil, the principal article of which is oil.—Attica, according to the fable of Minerva, is the native country of the inestimable olive; and the trees in the environs of Athens are certainly very fine. They are much larger than those of Sicily; and the oil is better. The cultivation here is also, perhaps, more judicious and methodical. . . . .

The perfect separation of the Greeks and Turks is certainly not the least interesting circumstance that one meets with in this interesting country. The Turks bear no proportion, in number, to the Greeks. In Athens, the former do not amount to a thousand; and the latter are more than seven times that number. In all the rest of Attica, a Mahomedan is rarely to be seen. In point of capacity, the Greeks are no less superior to the Turks. The habits which they respectively acquire, produce an intellectual result, that is of the same effect as an innate difference of endowment. The Turks here may be considered as domiciliated military: they are idle and insolent. The young, from their earliest years, imitate the practices of the old. A Turkish lad, just entering his teens, carries his pipe, tobacco-pouch, and pistols, with all the gravity of his father; frequents the coffee-houses and baths with the same arrogance, and passes the time in *rêveries* equally mystical and useless. The Greeks, on the contrary, are all activity and industry. The oppression and injustice with which they are treated by the Turks, at once sharpen their spirits and stimulate their address. They are the slaves of the Turks: it is not, however, the slavery of individual servitude, but the degradation of an inferior cast. All handicraft labor in this part of the country is performed by them; and, except in those instances where state necessity requires a few persons to be respected in order to insure the obedience of the commonalty, they are not permitted to accumulate wealth with impunity, to wear arms, or to resent the injuries of their lordly masters. Examples may be adduced in contradiction to

* Though Mr. Galt—who modestly acknowledges (p. 174) that he has "no pretensions to the classical character"—has every where omitted the *E* in this name, we have thought it proper to follow the genuine classic orthography, *Piræeus*—the *EU* a diphthong, as in *Eucharist*, *Eulogy*, *Theseus*, *Orpheus*, &c. EDIT.

this statement; but they can only be regarded as exceptions against its universality:—as a general fact, it is indisputable.

The Greeks, in what relates to their common interests, appear to have the most perfect confidence in one another. They consider their oppressors as having only a temporary possession; and, to the most careless observer, it must be evident that the opportunity only is wanting, to combine them, as one man, against the Turks.

The Athenians, from time immemorial, have been a superstitious people. The history of their ancient public transactions is full of the special interposition of the celestial powers; and they are, at this moment, as strongly persuaded that Providence is operating for their emancipation, as ever their ancestors were of the particular patronage of Minerva. . . . . . If you speak to them of the changes which are taking place in the world, though they consider them all as having reference to that chosen and peculiar people, the Greeks—they will still express themselves in a rational way, and even with a philosophical comprehension of thought: but, the instant a child totters into the room, and you inquire the use of the bit of colored leather hanging at the silver chain round its neck, you are amazed at the depth of superstition into which they are sunk.

If I were called upon to give a general opinion of the Greeks as they are at this moment, I should find myself obliged to declare, notwithstanding all my partiality for my own countrymen, that, in point of capacity, they are the first people I have had an opportunity of observing. They have generally more acuteness and talent than I can well describe. I do not mean information or wisdom; but only this, that their actions are, to a surprising degree of minuteness, guided by judgement. They do nothing without having reflected on the consequences. They have the fear of the Turks constantly before their eyes; and their whole study is to elude their tyranny and rapacity. It is owing, no doubt, to the operation of this fear, that they have incurred the charge of matchless perfidy and cunning. With all their genius and ability, however, there is nothing noble in the character of the Greeks. They are invidious to a degree, which even their degraded and oppressed condition is scarcely sufficient to account for.

Switzerland, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 89.)

Letter VII.

Zurich.

No, my friend!—though my letters will probably not experience so warm a reception in Switzerland as has been given to many other books perhaps not superior to mine in intrinsic merit—that circumstance shall not deter me from advancing with manly and unshaken step in the path of truth. I exclaim with the Englishman, "Truth! be thou my goddess!" Truth is indispensably requisite to the well-being of man, still more so to that of the state. All abuses are the offspring of error; and there is a certain degree of knowledge, of which happiness is the necessary result: but, to attain that exalted elevation, we must not shut our eyes to the light.

I trust, nevertheless, that, among that portion of the Switzers whose sentiments rise superior to those of the bulk of their nation, there will here and there be found a friend of truth and impartiality, who, instead of throwing down my book in impatient disgust, will, on the contrary, thank me for having dared to call

things by their appropriate names, however great the trespass I may appear to commit against the language of convenience, of hypocrisy, and of bookmakership. The love of one's country ceases to be a virtue, when it degenerates into blind fanatical devotion. It is not as a citizen of any one particular country that I make this remark, as applicable to the citizen of another: the character of man is prior to that of German or Switzer; and, both as a man and a citizen of the world, I look upon Switzerland too as my country—"*Omne solum forti patria est**."

The hackneyed assertion, that a foreigner cannot see deep enough into the Swiss system of government to form an accurate judgement of it, is too stale and threadbare, to divert me in the smallest degree from the pursuit of my proposed investigations. Foreigners, it seems, are unqualified to speak on the subject; and the natives must not, dare not, speak on it! What, in God's name, would they at last make of the government of this country, if neither foreigners can nor natives dare make it the theme of discussion? and what can be the intent of all this affectation of mysterious secrecy, which is at once both unnecessary and dangerous to a government?

There is now hardly any thing secret in the actions of men. From the transactions of time past we derive such clear indications of what we may expect in time to come, that neither the cabinet nor the bosom of the minister can now conceal any secret from the public eye. To what purpose then this mysterious grimace, since its only effect is to create distrust, and to banish that public confidence which is so indispensable in all public affairs?—If, even in concerns of inferior importance, the best and safest policy is to pursue a frank, open, manly line of conduct, it is surely not less so in those of superior moment*. It were well to bear in mind what a certain Spaniard said of Cardinal Mazarin—"He is subject to one of the greatest faults in politics—that of always endeavouring to deceive."

That *I* investigate where others indulge in poetic rapture—that *I* exercise my judgement where others confine themselves to panegyric—will, I presume, be considered as a circumstance which speaks rather in my favor than to my disadvantage. What is not praised? what has not been praised? Lucan lavished his poetic strains in commendation of Nero: Quintilian was not ashamed to bestow on Domitian the title of a god; and Martial exalted Otho above Cato!

But, if any of the opinions which I have already advanced or may hereafter advance respecting Switzerland, should prove erroneous, I hope some impartial observer may travel over the same ground, and convince me of my errors with becoming candor and freedom. I must, however, enter my protest against the production of what has been said by those who have hitherto written on Switzerland, as evidence to condemn me: for they are not themselves men of such universally acknowledged infallibility, such immaculate sanctity, as may entitle them to set up as guides to conduct the unbeliever into the paths of faith. Many of their number have already contradicted their own statements, on visiting Switzerland a second time; and many more of them

* To the man of spirit, every soil is his country—The philosopher is every-where at home.

* "Upright and manly policy never finds it necessary to creep through dark subterraneous labyrinths, but boldly walks with head erect in the broad glare of day." Herzberg's Memoirs, year 1788.

would contradict themselves in like manner, if they were to make a second tour through the *free Helvetic cantons.* * * * * *

Excuse this short digression: I shall now resume the subject of Zurich. Were I not so long accustomed to make thinking, reading, and writing, serve as my defences against the cruel inroads of *ennui*, I believe it is in this town I should, for the first time of my life, feel its attacks. Perhaps this virtue, which seems so peculiar to the country, is not the least weighty of the many reasons why such crowds of Englishmen flock to Switzerland, where they can so comfortably enjoy the sweets of *ennui* in its highest perfection.

There is no object here which strikes me in a more ridiculous light, than the simplicity of manners, as it is called—which is fondly presumed from the single circumstance of a total privation of every rational amusement. A good drama, in which the poet and the artist vie with each other in affording entertainment to an enlightened audience, is, here and throughout all Switzerland, reckoned among the deadly sins. But the rich and the licentious, whose lot it is to feel most poignantly the tortures of *ennui*, will have their diversions and their amusements, and well know how to procure them, in spite of the republican regulations respecting manners. Though they renounce the pleasures of the theatre, that school of virtue and morality—though they enjoy not those rational entertainments which are relished by every civilised nation—they make themselves ample amends by dancing, gaming, incessant feasting—by the luxurious furniture of their town and country houses, by their costly equipages, and by unbounded extravagance of every kind.

But, in proportion to the luxury of this class, the peasantry are bowed down to the earth, and drag on a life of misery. So true it is, that excessive wealth almost invariably supports despotism, favors certain prejudices, paves the way for exclusive rights and privileges, and is, in its own nature, destructive of the public weal!

It was here—in *free* Switzerland—that Rousseau raised his voice against the partiality of civil confederations—those confederations, which "powerfully protect the immense possessions of the rich, and scarcely allow the wretched son of poverty to enjoy the straw-thatched hut, which his own hands have erected!"

And yet it was the loud praises lavished on this country for its moderation and virtue and freedom, that allured me to visit it!—and yet people would persuade me that I here breathe more freely than in Germany, my native land!—Believe me, my friend, the freedom of the Switzer exists only in presence of foreigners: but, when he appears before any of his petty rulers, he stands in as humble and slavish an attitude as a moslem before his bashaw.—Adieu!

(*To be continued.*)

Bell-ringing.

(*From Chateaubriand's "Beauties of Christianity."*)

As we are about to enter the temple, let us first speak of the bells which summon us thither. To us it seems not a little surprising that a method should have been found, by a single stroke of a hammer, to excite the same sentiment at one and the same instant in thousands of hearts, and to make the winds and clouds the bearers of the thoughts of men. Is silence more poetic than this breeze fraught with the sound of the bell, and rendered tremblingly alive amid the unbounded expanse? Considered merely as harmony, the

bell possesses a beauty of the highest kind, that which by artists is styled the grand. . . . . . With what transport would Pythagoras, who listened to the hammer of the smith, have harkened to the sound of our bells on any solemn or joyful occasion! The soul may be moved by the tones of a lyre: but it will not be rapt into enthusiasm, as when roused by the thunders of the combat, or when a powerful peal proclaims in the region of the clouds the triumphs of the God of battles. This, however, is not the most remarkable character of the sound of bells: this sound has a thousand secret relations with man. How oft, amid the profound tranquillity of night, has the heavy tolling of the death-bell, like the slow pulsations of an expiring heart, ... caught the ear of the atheist, who, in his impious vigils, had the presumption to write that there is no God! The pen drops from his fingers; he counts with consternation the strokes of death, which seem to say to him, "And is there then indeed no God?" Oh! how such sounds must disturb the slumbers of a Robespierre! Extraordinary religion, which, by the mere percussion of the magic metal, can change pleasures into torments, appall the atheist, and wrest the dagger from the hand of the assassin!

But more pleasing sentiments also attached us to the sound of bells. When, about the time for cutting the corn, the tinkling of the little bells of our hamlets was heard intermingled with the sprightly strains of the lark, you would have thought that the angel of harvest was proclaiming the story of Sephora or of Naomi. And, had not the bell, tolled by spectres in the ancient chapel of the forest, and that which religious fears set in motion in our fields to keep off the lightning, and that which was rung at night in certain sea-ports, to direct the pilot in his passage among the rocks—in a word, had not all these murmurs their enchantments and their wonders? On our festivals, the lively peals of our bells seemed to heighten the public joy, and to express it on a scale of immense sounds: in great calamities, on the contrary, their voice became truly awful. The hair yet stands erect at the remembrance of those days of murder and conflagration, all vibrating with the dismal noise of tocsins. Who has forgotten those yells, those piercing shrieks, succeeded by intervals of sudden silence, during which was now and then heard the discharge of a musket, some doleful and solitary voice, and, above all, the heavy tolling of the alarm-bell, or the clock that calmly struck the hour which had just expired?

Portrait of Aristides.

(*From Mr. Morell's "Studies in History."*)

He was of comparatively mean extraction; his parents were in low circumstances; his early advantages were few, and exceedingly limited. The talents he discovered in youth were not brilliant, but sterling. The qualities in which he excelled were chiefly moral and intellectual; such as were calculated rather to win the esteem and confidence of the discerning, than to gain the applause of the multitude. Modest and retiring in his natural disposition, he avoided public notice as far as possible; but, when duty urged, he did not shrink back from the most difficult or invidious task; firmly resolved on all occasions to administer justice, both to friends and foes, with the most rigid impartiality. In the most trifling, as well as in the most important concerns he adhered inflexibly to truth, nor could he be induced either by threats or promises, by flatteries or rewards, to swerve from

it. He was no less wise and brave than Themistocles; but his wisdom partook less of cunning, and his bravery was less vehement and boisterous than that of his political rival. He possessed a remarkable calmness of temper, which attended him through life, amidst all its diversified scenes. He combined the most rigid integrity of principle and conduct, with habitual suavity of manners—the most heroic courage, with calm deliberation—an ingenuous boldness of character, with unassuming modesty.

The predominant virtue of Aristides, which acquired him the unlimited confidence both of the Athenians and all the other Grecian states —and, in consequence of which, he was honored with the title of "the Just"—was unimpeachable integrity. This admirable quality, so necessary both in private and public life, was frequently put to the severest test during his administration, and, in every instance, proved genuine and invincible. After the battle of Marathon, the spoils of the Persian camp were intrusted to his care, previously to their distribution among the conquerors; a charge which he executed with the utmost fidelity. When it became necessary, during the progress of the war, to levy a tax upon all the Grecian republics, that they might contribute, in equal proportions, to its support, Aristides was chosen, by common consent, as the only individual in Greece to whom they could safely commit so difficult and delicate a task.

It was to be expected that this unyielding disposition, opposed as it was to the growing corruption of the times, would procure him many enemies. Themistocles, especially, hated him, both on account of the high reputation he had acquired, and the severity with which he had frequently reproved his dishonest artifices. Nor could he rest, till the faction opposed to Aristides acquired so much strength, as to produce his banishment by the ostracism.

When Themistocles became the object of suspicion and envy, Aristides was far from wishing to retaliate on his fallen rival the injuries he had received from him. Instead of joining with those adversaries of Themistocles, who accused him of capital crimes, he pleaded his cause, and endeavoured to avert the storm of popular indignation from him. Though unsuccessful in this generous design, he sympathised with him in his distresses and persecutions, which he ever considered most unjust. His old age was occupied with instructing in the principles of government, and training up for public life, those youths who were most promising; and to whom, he foresaw, the future direction of the republic would be committed. Among these, Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was the most distinguished—a pupil worthy of such a master! To him Aristides was most affectionately attached, as a father to his son; nor was his paternal tenderness ill repaid; for that amiable youth honored and cherished his preceptor in his declining years, and, after his death, paid the highest respect to his memory. Aristides is almost the only celebrated Athenian who died in peace and honor, having retained, to the latest moment of life, the confidence, esteem, and gratitude of his unstable countrymen.

Seldom is it the gratifying task of the Christian historian to exhibit to mankind a character so richly fraught with what may be almost denominated Christian graces, as that of the virtuous Aristides. He may be justly considered one of the brightest constellations of the heathen world—a constellation of moral excellence, whose mild radiance was the

more visible on account of the surrounding gloom of ignorance and vice. It has seldom been seen that natural religion, though planted in the most favorable soil, was capable of producing such exquisite fruits. Admitting, (for truth requires us to admit) that his virtues were too highly colored by his partial biographers, who knew not the sacred standard of evangelical holiness; yet, with every abatement made in consideration of the false and imperfect medium through which his character is contemplated by us, there is enough to cover with shame the immoral professor of religion, and to provoke to emulation the genuine Christian.

Whilst the former is reminded of the meekness, the modesty, the disinterestedness, the integrity, the justice, the self-denial, the patience, the forgiveness of injuries—all of which were discernible in the public and private life of Aristides—must not at least a transient blush suffuse his countenance at the consciousness of his own pride, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, or revenge; crimes so much the more heinous, on account of their having been committed in violation of a law distinctly revealed, and far superior to that which was written in the conscience of this virtuous heathen? The latter may, with the utmost propriety, be excited, by such an eminent example, to an inquiry—"What do I more than others —more than some even of the heathen world? Greater privileges have been afforded—more abundant means of instruction have been granted—a brighter dispensation of mercy has dawned—and are not my obligations to humility and self-denial, to purity of heart and integrity of conduct, increased in equal proportion? Let me, then, demonstrate the superior influence of Christian principles, by exhibiting more lowliness of mind, greater meekness and disinterestedness, more refined benevolence, and a higher tone of virtue, than any of which the heathen world could boast."

Portuguese Character.

(*From Major General Mackinnon's "Journal of the Campaign in Portugal and Spain."*)

At a distance from the capital, I know not any nation where there appears to be more purity of morals than in Portugal. In many of the houses of the principal nobility the families constantly reside in the country.—They have a peculiar virtue, from the kindness with which they treat servants; many of whom, attached to the same family from one generation to another, acquire, by their savings, small properties, which in time enable them to rise and become independent. The occupation of a servant is here by no means so degrading as in England, and most other parts of Europe.

The general character of the Portuguese is sadly disfigured by foreign writers of travels; and I think I can account for it, by their residence in Lisbon alone. From the great intercourse with foreigners in this large city, and the very great proportion of Brasilians, the real Portuguese character is quite different in the capital and its provinces.—When the inhabitants of Portugal are described by travelers, you have therefore little more than the account of these foreigners corrupted by trade, wealth, misery, and the vices of a court; that they are prone to murder, and every species of crime. One would naturally be led to suppose, that the manners of the capital would influence the provinces; particularly of this kingdom, whose chief city is greater in proportion to the extent of the country, than any other capital in Europe: but this is not the case: for the badness of the roads, and of accommo-

dation, renders the intercourse very difficult; and very few of the provincial families ever leave their homes. When they travel, they are either carried in sedan chairs, with two mules for their chairmen, or they ride on mules. On roads where a carriage is seen, they are obliged to carry with them their bedding of every sort, and provisions, with cooking-utensils, as their towns only afford the bare walls. Five leagues is reckoned a good day's journey. The gentry lead, at their homes, a most harmless and inoffensive life; they have few or no luxuries, and are very willing that strangers should partake of their fare.—The greatest crime you ever hear committed, is pilfering—robberies and murders are scarcely known; and as to assassinations, I never heard of one in the country.—The people are certainly not industrious: but that may be attributed to a bad government, where there is little security to property, and no encouragement to industry.—They are perfectly unacquainted with any agricultural improvement, such as draining, or giving their lands a proper succession of crops.

Distinction between PRIDE *and* VANITY.

(From Mrs. Hamilton's "Popular Essays.")

VANITY, when it exists distinct from pride, is rarely considered as offensive or reprehensible. In this state it sometimes appears in the young, and is perhaps inevitably consequent on that expansion of the idea of self, that arises from the consciousness of a sudden increase of intellectual vigor, and of recently acquired knowledge. When it has been thus produced in young and generous minds, it seldom fails to be speedily corrected by a view of the obstacles that yet remain to be surmounted, and the acquirements that yet remain to be attained; and it is only when the mind rests satisfied in identifying itself with what it has already acquired, that the consequences become as injurious as they have been represented.

On pride the selfish principle has a peculiar operation, and one that is in some respects very different from that which it has on vanity. While the vain man seeks to enlarge the idea of self, by openly laying hold on every circumstance which he can by any means connect with that idea, the proud man disdains to declare by what secret channels he has obtained that expanded notion of self with which he privately gluts his imagination. On examination, we find that the materials of which he makes use are of the very same texture, nay, that they are often identically the same, as those made use of by the vain man, but that the very secrecy, observed in obtaining them, has given them, in his eyes, an additional value. "The proud man is sincere, and in the bottom of his heart is convinced of his own superiority, though it may sometimes be difficult to guess upon what that conviction is founded. He wishes you to view him in no other light than that in which, when he places himself in your situation, he really views himself. He demands no more of you than he thinks justice. If you appear not to respect him as he respects himself, he is more offended than mortified, and feels the same indignant resentment as if he had suffered a real injury. He does not even then, however, deign to explain the grounds of his own pretensions. He disdains to court your esteem: he affects even to despise it, and endeavours to maintain his assumed station, not so much by making you sensible of his superio-

rity, as of your own meanness*." It were folly to attempt improving the likeness presented in this admirable portrait, in which the characteristic features of pride are delineated by a master hand. From it we may perceive, that vanity and pride, when influenced by the propensity to enlarge the idea of self, resort to different means, and that it is in this respect chiefly that they are found to differ from each other. In the mind of the vain, the idea of self expands according to the degree in which he imagines he has succeeded in exalting himself in your opinion. He therefore "endeavours to bribe you into admiration, and flatters to be flattered." In the mind of the proud, the idea of self expands spontaneously, and is neither enlarged nor diminished by your opinion.

Such are the characteristics of pride and vanity, when each of them acts according to its proper character. But, as has been justly observed by the profound philosopher so lately quoted, "the proud man is often vain, and the vain man is often proud." — "Nothing," he adds, "can be more natural, than that the man who thinks much more highly of himself than he deserves, should wish that other people should think still more highly of him; or that the man who wishes that other people should think of him more highly than he thinks of himself, should at the same time think much more highly of himself than he deserves. Those two views being frequently blended in the same character, the characteristics of both are necessarily confounded; and we sometimes find the superficial and impertinent ostentation of vanity, joined to the most malignant and derisive insolence of pride. We are sometimes, on that account, at a loss how to rank a particular character, or whether to place it among the proud or vain."

It may also be remarked, that, where pride and vanity are thus united, the more active operation of the latter frequently serves to deceive us into a belief, that in that character pride has no existence. We are consequently thown off our guard, and, to our great surprise, discover that the man who lately seemed so studious to please, and to whom our good opinion seemed so necessary, that in order to court it he had made an ostentatious display of the qualities which he knew were held by us in highest estimation, had been all this while imposing on our credulity; and, while he appeared solicitous for our good opinion, held both us and it in contempt. Our very admiration, as it must have been confined to particulars in which he really had some claim to excellence, may, while it seemed to gratify his vanity, have offended his pride: for our admiration, in being limited, seemed to set limits to that extension of the idea of self which he had believed unlimitable. In such cases, the proud man, however long he may in silence brood over the ideal injury, seldom fails at length to expose the malignity of the wound that has been rankling in his bosom. With astonishment we perceive, that a word, or look, of which we were nearly unconscious at the time, and which we have long since forgotten, had done this mighty mischief, and engendered this black flood of ever-during wrath and indignation. The wounds of mortified vanity may easily be healed; for, by the concessions made to the vain man, the idea of self is increased to its wonted dimensions; but the wounds of offended pride are of such an irritable nature, that they cannot be touched by the most delicate hand, without

* Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiment, vol. ii. p. 144.

aggravating the malignant symptoms; because that, in the very attempt to heal them by concessions, we appear to the proud man as guilty of sounding the depth of pretensions that are unfathomable, and of thus circumscribing his idea of self within certain limits.

(*To be continued.*)

Eatable Birds'-Nests.

(*From Haensel's "Letters on the Nicobar Islands."*)

Of birds, I shall only notice one, called by some the Nicobar swallow: but I will not venture to determine its generic character. It is the builder of those eatable nests, which constitute one of the luxuries of an Indian banquet. These birds are called *Hinlene* by the natives, and build in fissures and cavities of rocks, especially in such as open to the south. In the latter, the finest and whitest nests are found; and I have sometimes gathered fifty pounds weight of them, on one excursion for that purpose. They are small, and shaped like swallows' nests. If they are perfect, seventy-two of them go to a *catty*, or 1¾ pounds. The best sale for them is in China. After the most diligent investigation, I was never able fully to discover of what substance they are made; nor do any of the opinions of naturalists, with which I have become acquainted, appear satisfactory to me; neither have the authors alluded to ever seen the birds. They have remarkably short legs, and are unable to rise, if they once fall or settle on the ground. I caught many in this state, and, after examining them, threw them up into the air; when they immediately flew away; they cannot therefore, as some suppose, obtain their materials on the coast, or from rocks in the sea. My opinion is, that the nests are made of the gum of a peculiar tree, called by some the Nicobar cedar, and growing in great abundance in all the southern islands. Its wood is hard, black, and very heavy. From December to May, it is covered with blossom, and bears a fruit somewhat resembling a cedar or pine-apple, but more like a large berry full of eyes or pustules, discharging a gum or resinous fluid. About these trees, when in bloom or bearing fruit, I have seen innumerable flocks of these little birds, flying and fluttering, like bees round a tree or shrub in full flower, and am of opinion, that they there gather the materials for their nests. I relate the fact, having often watched them with great attention, but will not venture to affirm that I have made a full discovery.

A Word *to the* Wise.

A Turkish Anecdote.

Mons. Castellan, in his "*Mœurs, &c. des Othomans,*" records the following remarkable specimen of arbitrary and capricious despotism—

On a certain occasion, Selim the First, surnamed *Yaver* [the ferocious], ordered his prime minister to plant some horse-tails* before his door, as a signal for some expedition, and to get some tents ready in a convenient situation. The vizier simply asked in what quarter it might please his Highness that the tents should be placed. The sultan, without any reply, ordered him to be put to death. The same day, a similar question caused his successor to be treated in a similar manner. But a third vizier, enlightened by the fate of his predecessors, pitched some tents toward

* The horse-tail, appended to a staff, is an ensign of authority among the Turks, as the rods and axes [the *Fasces*] were among the ancient Romans. The number of those tails varies, according to the rank of the person. Edit.

the four quarters of the heavens; and, with singular promptitude, made every preparation which was necessary for a great expedition. Soon after this, the sultan inquired whether he had provided every thing according to his intentions, and where he had fixed the tents? The vizier replied that every thing was in readiness, to whatever quarter the sultan might direct his march. Selim answered, "The death of two viziers has saved the life of a third, and has procured me such a minister as I wished."

Anecdotes of PETER *the* GREAT.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

PETER has been unjustly accused of entertaining an undue partiality for foreigners: but what could he have done without them? It was by their assistance alone, their industry, their skill in naval and military affairs, in commerce, mechanics, medicine, and surgery, that he could hope to instruct and enlighten his people; and for this reason, and not out of any contempt for his own nation, he encouraged and protected them, as is evident from the desire he showed to dispense with them as soon as possible.—When he was at Warsaw, he frequently visited a lady, whose turn of mind and conversation pleased him very much, and whom he consulted upon his designs, his political affairs, and his efforts and labors to form and polish his subjects. One day, just after he had defeated Charles the Twelfth at Pultowa, he told her he thought himself in such a situation as no longer to stand in need of foreigners, and declared his intention of not admitting them again into his armies. The lady endeavoured to prove to him that he was wrong; and, though Peter supported his opinion with some warmth, she refused to yield; and the Czar left her with evident marks of displeasure. The Countess, who sometimes had concerts performed before Peter by a set of musicians belonging to her chapel, invited him, a short time after this altercation, to dinner, during which several pieces of music, which he used to admire, were played. Peter listened to them without applauding, or appearing to take any pleasure in the performance; and, upon his friend's testifying her surprise at this, said to her, "I do not know what ails your musicians to-day: but they play so ill, that I can scarcely recognise this music." —"Do you think so, Sire? My band is usually composed of foreign, as well as Polish musicians: but, to-day, there may possibly be only the latter; indeed I am sure that is the case. Come! I see, foreigners cannot yet be dispensed with in my concerts: another time, Sire, they shall be admitted."—Peter perfectly understood the instructive lesson which this little artifice was intended to convey; and, profiting by it, he gave up the idea of excluding foreigners from his armies*.

(*To be continued.*)

Conscientious GENEROSITY *of a* QUAKER.

THE late Mr. Joseph Fox, of Falmouth, a member of the pacific society of the "Friends," was, in a former war, concerned in a trading vessel with another person, who, having the command, fitted her out as a letter of marque, contrary to the remonstrances of Mr. Fox. This ship succeeded in capturing a valu-

* The necessity of employing foreigners is, to this day, felt in Russia; and, under them, the Russian soldiers, who are esteemed some of the best in the world, fight with more confidence—especially under Germans, of whom there are great numbers among their troops.

able French prize, which, after the usual trial, was legally condemned, and sold for the benefit of the captors. Mr. Fox, however, not satisfied to partake of the gain of injustice and violence (as he considered it, although from an enemy), repaired to France, where, by means of advertisements, he came to the knowledge of the rightful owners of the prize; to whom he restored the property which, by the chance of war, had thus come into his hands.—We may conclude that so sublime an act of justice was equally acceptable and astonishing to the proprietors, whose descendents, to this day, hold the name and principles of Mr. Fox in the highest esteem.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from p.* 621 *of our last Vol.*)

IT is asserted, that luxury was the ruin of the Romans; but the empire continued near five hundred years after the republic. If they had not desired pleasures and luxury, why did they aim at conquest? Highwaymen rob to enjoy the spoils they obtain. A temperate people may dispense with luxuries. At once to plunder and be temperate, is impossible. The Romans may be called a plundering, virtuous, vicious, warlike, effeminate, legislating, knavish, superstitious, philosophical nation.

At Rome, under the emperors, no man published his opinions but at the risk of his life. Maternus, in the reign of Vespasian, composed the tragedy of Cato; but he did not venture to develop the character of that great citizen: he described it with a feebleness suitable to the times—"he drew him below the life, to render him less obnoxious."

Dionysius the tyrant used philosophers like bottles of good wine, to which he helped himself as long as they contained any liquor, and broke the bottles when they were empty;—a trick, to which the great are every-where addicted.

The comedies of Molière no longer excite the same pleasure as formerly, because our manners have reached greater extremes of good and bad.

(*To be continued.*)

Frosted POTATOES.

FOR the cookery of frosted potatoes, a morning paper has given the following directions, which we present to our fair readers, but without vouching for the efficacy of the process recommended.—"When potatoes are in a frozen state, even to such a degree as to be as hard as knots of wood, instead of cooking them with cold water, let them be plunged into water boiling hot, and allowed to remain over a brisk fire until the skins begin to rend; then pour off the water, cover them close up, and place them again over the fire for a few minutes. By this means they will taste as agreeably as before they were penetrated by the frost. In preparing these potatoes for the pot, they may be washed with cold water: but care must be taken that it be done with as much expedition as possible. It is well known that putrefaction never takes place in frozen substances; therefore, by cooking potatoes in that state as above directed, little or no change can occur in the boiling, provided that plenty of water and fuel are employed. It is also proper to use together potatoes of nearly the same size."

RUST *prevented.*

MR. Rogers, a chemist at Ipswich, has invented a composition, which (it is said) will preserve iron and steel from rust, though exposed to the air, or immersed in water.

POETRY.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

Invocation to the TWOPENNY-POST MEN, *on Saint* VALENTINE'S *Day.*

POSTMEN, awake! be up before the sun.
Remember 'tis the morn of Valentine!
Fly to your posts, oh! Postmen!—that is, run—
See! lots of letters sent from Love's pure shrine!

Be quick in your delivery; for, oh!
You'll thus deliver others from their pain:
You'll check the sob, and eke the sigh of woe,
That fills with anguish some distracted brain.

There's Biddy Bakewell at the chandler's shop,
And Lucy Lovibond the tailor's niece,
Sent by the servant girl, poor Susan Slop,
At least a dozen Valentines a piece.

And they're as full of *loves*, and *doves*, and *darts*,
As soul of postman or of beau could wish—
Of *pains*, and *brains*, of *hopes*, and *ropes*, and *hearts*,
Of *fears*, and *tears*, and *sighs*—a pretty dish.

And then they're garnish'd with such wreaths of flow'rs,
And knots that lovers true know how to tie;
Altars of Hymen, Love's immortal bow'rs!
Enough to make a Stoic wipe his eye.

There's one for James, the milliner's fair man;
And two for John, the hosier's 'prentice boy;
Six for young Emma, seventeen for Ann;
And fifty thousand more, brimfull of joy!

Think but of this, oh! Postmen! think, I say;
And urge your rapid way with lightning's speed:
Put by those letters which appear not gay—
Dull prosing things—and take of them no heed.

Leave them another day: let bus'ness wait:—
But where you see in wax an emblem kiss,
Knock loud!—for, oh! that letter's big with fate!
Deliver it: 'tis twopence-worth of bliss!

And ye that bear the bags on bony steeds,
Spare not the spur on this auspicious day;
Care not, though some lean Rosinante bleeds:
Care not, though mud and mischief mark your way.

Him emulate, of never-dying fame,
Great Johnny Gilpin!—Dash through thick and thin;
So shall you get, ye little rogues, a name:
For want of speed would be a crying sin.

So shall you save the country belles and beaus,
At Pentonville, and eke at Kentish-Town,
From all the pangs of love, from all the woes,
That wait on little Cupid's fearful frown.

Postmen, and Postboys!—ye who walk or ride—
Do this, as you shall hope for Cupid's favor.
Do this; or dread his tiny godship's pride;
Nor dare, in duty such as this, to waver.

So shall he prosper you in love's affairs;
For Postmen fall in love sometimes, 'tis said:
So shall he sooth your souls in love's soft cares,
And save from aking ev'ry Postman's head.

The TEARS *of* ELLEN.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
TEAR VII.

OH! yes! love linger'd on his breath:
Love fill'd his ev'ry sigh:
Yet did he doom sweet love to death—
Love! that should never die.

Oh! yes! his eye was blue and bright;
His form of manly mould;
Where grace gave elegance to might:—
But, ah! his heart was cold!

He vow'd, he swore, that not e'en death
His fondness should control,

Thus love was only in his breath:
Deceit was in his soul!

I saw: I heard: and, oh! I lov'd
With all affection's glow.
Despair's deep sigh, since then, I've prov'd:
My breast no peace can know!

The Prison.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

(*Continued from page* 96.)

Near him, another wand'rer of the wave
Moves pensive on, sad sorrow's drooping slave:
But he ne'er sought for glory in the fight,
Nor taught a foe to bow to Britain's might;
Not but he own'd a heart as brave and warm,
As e'er impell'd the battle's fearful storm.
Fair Commerce led him in her busy train—
Source of anxiety, though source of gain.
He own'd a vessel; and he chose to guide,
Himself, its wand'rings o'er the briny tide;
And in its bosom oft his vessel bore
The choicest produce of each various shore;
Wafted it far as ocean's waters roll,
Alternate journeying from pole to pole.
Now the rich tributes of the glowing East
The merchant's ample store of wealth increas'd;
Diamonds, bright-beaming from Golconda's mine,
Destin'd in regal diadems to shine,
Or with their lustre to increase the grace,
That spreads with charms some titled beauty's face;
The silk-worm's glossy treasure, sent to deck
Woman's sweet form, or wanton on her neck;
Spices, that warm where suns intensely shine,
Or fruits that ripen 'neath the burning line:
And, to relieve the pining child of pain,
Each various drug he bore across the main,
Charg'd with what pow'r a tropic sun can give,
To bid the sinking suff'rer rise and live.
Still, of the eastern world the produce chief,
And small it seems, is a most magic leaf.
Fatigue, Want, Sorrow, all partake with glee
Of China's choicest bev'rage, grateful tea;
Nor these alone; for Opulence will share
The joys that tea can give to humbler fare;
And Beauty often, o'er her tea, will tell
The tale her faithful lover likes so well.
Anon, his vessel sought the bleak domain,
Where northern dæmons hold their awful reign;
Then, fraught with furs, its course he homeward steer'd,
While wintry storms the anxious merchant fear'd.
The shaggy bear's warm skin, that warmer grows
Where nature pours around eternal snows,
He brings, to form gay tippets for our fair,
Or muffs to guard their hands from chilling air;
Or copper, torn from deep and dreary mine,
He brings to sheath our ships, or form our coin;
And humble hemp, more known for use than show,
A plant in cheerless climes that deigns to grow,
He bears to Britain, there by art to form
Ropes, that may guide her navies through the storm;
Or from the snow-clad mountain's summit bears
(Mountains ne'er warm'd by spring's soft-sighing airs,
Where Winter, when he flies from other lands,
Still holds his sway, and spreads his icy hands)
The rifted pine, for various uses known,
From northern nations to the torrid zone.
When western climes his tow'ring bark has sought,
Climes, where each wind with dire disease is fraught,
Where yellow plagues life's burning current stop,
And to the tomb sad victims daily drop,
Where slumb'ring Slav'ry dreads the coming day,
That gives it up to toil and heat a prey;
From thence he brought, for lux'ry and for use,
Each varied merchandise those realms produce:
First the sweet tribute of the useful cane,
Which forms the planter's most extensive gain;
This gives us sugar, form'd by tropic heat,
A most delightful, and most useful sweet.
Sugar not only yields the taste delight,
But oft to med'cine gives superior might.
Still, one bad produce of the fruitful cane,
Though it may prove a source of certain gain,
Is rum, procur'd by distillation's pow'r,
Tempting weak minds to dissipation's hour.

Too oft the soldier or the seaman brave
By this are hurried to an early grave.
And vegetable wool, soft cotton, too,
Still new in beauty, as in use still new;
So humble, that it lends its ready smile,
And blazes forth each night in nauseous oil;
And yet so proud, it folds the fairest form,
And guards bright beauty from the pelting storm.
From thence too comes, and bears an easy price,
The warm pimento's universal spice;
Ginger's most grateful and most useful root;
And the tart tam'rind's fever-cooling fruit;
And from the woods, where wild tornadoes sweep,
Where truant slaves their nightly vigils keep,
Mahogany, with varied beauty fraught,
For European furniture is brought.

(*To be continued.*)

Funeral Extravagance.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

" *Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.*"

Thus said an ancient and inspired sage;
And truth came forceful from his hallow'd lips.—
But, 'mongst the vanities of man's frail mind,
A splendid funeral is surely one
Most inexcusable of all:—I mean
When 'tis the fun'ral of an humble man,
Whose life has known no splendor, but has pass'd
In one unvarying, though useful tenor;
Whose little fortune—if there's any left—
Had better been applied to aid the living,
Than in this useless pageant to the dead!
But, of the fun'rals that we daily see
Filling our streets with show, where nodding plumes
Precede the hearse, and cover it beside;
Where men with gilded staves trudge through the dirt,
Marching beside the horses finely deck'd;
Nine out of ten, almost without a doubt,
Are those of persons whose poor families
Can very ill afford the great expense,
In this so unavoidable, so useless.
The cause, I think, is mostly to be found
In a false estimate of reputation;
And, that a parent, brother, wife, or child,
May thus be buried, they involve themselves
Sometimes in ruin;—always in expense
So great, that they are oft compell'd to seek,
By large denials of their pressing wants,
In decent dress, or even in their food,
To save again the sum they so had squander'd.
When rich men die, let them be buried gaily!
Let the long train of sable carriages
Extend itself in all the pomp of woe;
Let all, that blazon'd pow'r can wish, be there,
To feast the curious eyes of vulgar men;
For then it injures not ev'n those who pay,
And does much good to those whom it employs.
Decency in a burial is requir'd;
And nothing more the poor deceas'd can need:
Therefore it is of vanities the worst,
To injure life, that death may shine with pomp.
Shows of this sort but wake the idle eyes,
And curious questions, of the gossip tribe;
Who, lolling from their casements, gaze away
Moments more precious than the pomp they see:
And, when 'tis past, in wonders who it was
That thus was going greatly to the grave,
They while the time with some kind lolling neighbour,
And lose a shilling, in their labor lost!
When Death on me shall lay his icy hand,
I only ask, that, where my body falls,
It may with humble decency be laid—
Borne on men's shoulders to the silent grave;
Follow'd by any friend who feels respect,
And who will deign to follow me on foot.
Let not the train be swell'd by any man
Who comes but for the hatband and the gloves:
Men can at any time be hir'd for woe:
Give me but one who has been long my friend,
And who sincerely can regret my loss—
Regret it as a man, with some few tears,
In recollection of the many joys
We may have shar'd together in our time;
And hoping still that we may meet again,
Where earthly thoughts shall trouble us no more,
Where peace shall spread her pure, unsullied wing,
In heav'n's eternal day!

The CROPPED FLOWER; *a Hint to the Fair.*

(*From Mr. James Fitzgerald's "Poetical Pastimes."*)

DEEP in a fragrant vale below,
I've chance espied a lily blow,
Which, there retir'd, in bashful guise
Appear'd to shun the gaze of eyes;
When, roving near, a truant boy
Cropp'd the fair stem with wanton joy,
And put it in his breast to bloom—
In vain! for it had met its doom.
Tender by nature, prone to fade
Even within its native shade,
It wither'd fast; it droop'd apace,
Till (when had perish'd ev'ry grace)
"Your charms are gone," the urchin said—
So saying, flung it o'er his head.
Thus have I known a modest maid,
Who, like the lily, lov'd the shade,
And wander'd there remote from view,
With equal charms, and fortune too:
For, one who mark'd her lone retreat,
Her lovely form and eyes so sweet,
Approach'd, one day, her secret dell,
And told the tale of love so well,
That soon he won, with artful strain,
The flow'r of all the neighb'ring plain;
Then cast her off, with pride elate,
To mourn, alas! the lily's fate.

LOVE'S FLOWERS.

WHEN men, false men, begin to woo,
In accents soft their passion breathing,
Fair-seeming flow'rs so thick they strew
Around the heart, you cannot view
Its texture, for the wreathing.
Ah! silly maids! beware the cheat!
'Tis but these flow'rs which seem so sweet.

But, when in Hymen's bonds a pair
Are tied secure—mark what will follow.
The flow'rs soon fade for want of care:
They droop, and leave the heart quite bare,
Naked, and cold, and hollow.
Ah! silly maids! full soon they die,
Scatter'd by Love's expiring sigh.

Sonnet to my OLD BOOTS.

YE two companions of my wintry way!
Oft have we trudg'd it many a tedious mile.
Through slop, and mire, and mud, and clinging clay,
Oh! we have pac'd with true pedestrian toil.
Now sore against my will we part at length;
For you are both grown old, and both worn out:
Your tough tann'd bodies have resign'd their strength;
Chill waters pierce the soles that once were stout.
What boots it now that ye were Boots, of yore,
So neatly shining, supple, smooth, and black?
No patent lustre can your gloss restore,
No skilful cobbler plaster ev'ry crack:
So man shall fail, and all his works to boot;
Nor art nor med'cine his old age recruit.

R. P.

Sonnet to NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size, is thine;
Nor words, nor figures, can thy void express.
But, though we cannot thee to aught compare,
To thee a thousand things may liken'd be;
And, though thou art with nobody, no where,
Yet half mankind devote their lives to thee.
How many books thy history contain!
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain.
What busy men thy doings only do!
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And, like my sonnet, all in nothing end.

R. P.

The PASSAGE *of the* RED SEA.

(*From "Poems and Translations," by Reginald Heber, A. M.*)

WITH limbs that faulter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slip-p'ry dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flow'rs that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blaz'd broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm ev'ry cheek, and dance in ev'ry eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain.
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage light'ning through the storm;
With with'ring splendor blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—The rav'nous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:—
With one wild crash the thund'ring waters sweep—
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast:
And strange and sad the whisp'ring breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

To a beautiful LADY.

From the Italian of Guarini.

HAPPY the youth who thee admires;
Happier, who sighs with soft desires;
But, Oh! how blest, how happy he,
Who, sighing, draws a sigh from thee!

FASHIONS
FOR
APRIL.

Morning Walking-Dress.—A morning walking robe of white cambric muslin, made high at the neck, with plaited collar to turn over, with vandykes of lace: long sleeves made full.—Mantle of fine Merino cloth—color bright lilac—bound with ribbon of the same.—Cap *à la Russe*, of the same materials and color as the mantle, with an ostrich feather on one side.—Half boots of cloth; color to correspond with the dress.—Gloves of York tan.—Hair in full curls on the sides—to turn up on the back.

Evening Dress.—A round robe of mull muslin or crape, over white sarsnet: the front of the bosom made rather low, the back broad, the skirt full: bracer of figured ribbon: neck kerchief of lace to be close round the throat; full long sleeves: the bosom, feet, and wrists ornamented with rich brocade ribbon.—Necklace, cross, and ear-rings, of pearl and gold.—Head-dress—The hair in waved curls in front, flat on the sides, and confined in full curls on the back of the head; entwined with a wreath of flowers.—Gloves of pale primrose.—Slippers of white satin. —An occasional mantle of dove or lilac fine cloth.

General Observations.—Morning walking-dresses are generally of white muslin, over which are worn cloaks or mantles of various fancy forms; the color lilac.—Pelisses are generally put aside; the spencer for the carriage costumè is in general request, of silk or satin, made with full sleeves and stand-up collar, to wrap over in front, to button on one side, with bracer of ribbon; the color to correspond. —Silk scarfs, of roan or salmon color, are the general appendages to this order.—The cottage slouched bonnet, or cap *à la Russe*, of corresponding materials (the bonnet edged with scalloped lace, confined under the chin with ribbon, tied on one side, ornamented with a small cluster of spring flowers) is generally worn as the carriage-dress.—The hair *à la Grecque*, falling loosely and full on the temples, the forehead high—to turn up behind, and confined in a small cluster of ringlets.—Necklace of pearl—Ear-rings to correspond.—Shoes or half boots to correspond in color with the spencer or cloak.—Gloves of York tan, or primrose kid.

Half Dress.—Round robes of lilac or dove-colored sarsnet, or muslin spotted with pale primrose, made long and full: long sleeves with frock bosom: a worked lace neck kerchief, made small.—Caps of lace and white satin, ornamented with a small sprig of spring flowers.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Hair in full curls in front, turned up behind.—Scarf cloak of colored kerseymere, with a broad border of silk ornament.—Shoes of black or colored kid.—Gloves of primrose or stone-colored kid.

Evening Dresses are of primrose or light lilac crape, worn over slips of white satin, made low on the bosom; short full sleeves; the back and shoulders low; the skirt and feet rather short; the skirt more scanty than of late:—ornamented round the bosom, feet, and down the front, with a trimming composed of crape and small pearls, in the form of small flowers; the sleeves are fancifully ornamented with pearls, to correspond with the trimming; the round low dress composed of needlework on fine India muslin, with trimming of lace laid on full; over which a white crape jacket, to fall off the bosom and shoulder, is in general request, as an Opera dress; with an occasional silk scarf.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds—Bracelets *en suite*—An occasional robe pelisse of lilac satin lined with white sarsnet, with wrapper front, to fasten with small clasps on one side, is likewise worn as an appendage to the Opera dress.—The hair is disposed in loose ringlets on the temples; the forehead high, with a cluster of small ringlets at the back of the head, braided with a wreath of spring flowers: a small diamond comb, on one side in front.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Gloves of white kid.—Fan of carved ivory or frosted crape, ornamented with silver spangles.

Books *recently published.*

Miscellaneous.

Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary. Vol. XI. 12*s.*

The Pantologia, comprehending a complete series of Essays, Treatises, and Systems; with a general Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Words. By J. Mason Good, F. R. S. Olinthus Grogory, LL. D. and Mr. Newton Bosworth. £20.

Journal of a Tour through Holland, &c. 6*s.*

Travels in the Caucasus and Georgia. By J. Von Klaproth, £2. 2*s.*

Cuvier's Essay on the Theory of the Earth. Translated by R. Kerr, F.R.S. with Notes by Professor Jameson. 8*s.*

Bampton Lectures. By the Rev. J. Collinson. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Evidences of Revealed Religion, on a new and original Plan. 4*s.*

Lives of Cardinal Alberoni, the Duke of Ripperda, and Marquis of Pombal. By George Moore. 12*s.*

The Pleasures of Religion. By Mary Grafton. 2*s.*

Historical Sketch of the Doctrines and Opinions of the various Religions in the World. By the Rev. David Williams, A. M.

Map of Palestine, or the Holy Land; with an historical Account of the Israelites, selected from the Writings of W. Crokall, D. D. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Account of the Abbey Church of St. Alban. £6. 6*s.*

A Treatise on the Art of Cupping. By Thomas Mapleton, Cupper to H. R. H. the Prince Regent. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Some Details concerning Gen. Moreau, and his last Moments: followed by a short Biographic Memoir. By Paul Svinine. 6*s.*

Memoirs and Campaigns of Gen. Moreau. By J. Phillipart. 14*s.*

Funeral Oration for Gen. Moreau. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Poetry.

The Corsair. By Lord Byron. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Safi, an Eastern Tale. By J. H. Reynolds. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Isabel, a Tale, &c. By the Hon. Mrs. Erskine. 6*s.*

The Legend of Iona, &c. By Walter Paterson. 12*s.*

The Vision, or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante, translated by the Rev. H. F. Carey, A. M. 12*s.*

Drama.

The Ancient Drama (to be continued monthly) No. 1. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Narensky; a serio-comic Opera. By Charles Brown. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mustapha; a Tragedy. 3*s.*

Novels.

Cœlebs married. 7*s.*

The Towers of Ravenswold, or Days of Ironside. By W. H. Hitchener. 10*s.*

Pierre and Adeline; or the Romance of the Castle. By D. F. Haynes, 12*s.*

The Bachelor's Heiress. By C. G. Ward. 15*s.*

The Splendor of Adversity. 15*s.*

Lorimer. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Conscience. By Mrs. Meeke. £1. 4*s.*

Patronage. By Maria Edgeworth. £1. 8*s.*

CHRONICLE.

The King.—Bulletin of March 5.—"His Majesty continues under the full influence of his disorder: but his bodily health is good; and his Majesty has passed the last month in a uniform state of tranquillity."

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *March* 3, twelve pence, halfpenny—*March* 10 and 17, the same—*March* 24, thirteen pence.

[*London, February* 25] The stealing of *box-coats* from gentlemen's carriages has lately been carried on to a considerable extent. No fewer than *fifty-two* have been found in the possession of one depredator.

[26] *The King of Spain.*—The Cortes, by a decree of Feb. 3, have ordained that Ferdinand VII. (lately released from his confinement under Bonaparté) shall not be acknowledged as free, or obeyed as such, until he shall have taken, in the National Congress, the oath prescribed by the Constitution;—that no armed force shall be permitted to enter Spain with him—nor any foreigner—not even in the capacity of a domestic—nor any Spaniard, who has received from Napoleon or Joseph Bonaparté either employment, pension, or decoration—or who has followed the French in their retreat.

[26] *A Contrast.*—A party of the allies having obtained possession of Fontainebleau on the 17th, the Austrian general Hardeg placed a guard on the palace, to preserve it from devastation or depredation; not choosing to imitate the example of the French at Moscow, in blowing up the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars.

[28] *A pestilential Disorder*, at Old Mexico, introduced by some sea-faring people from the coast, carried off, from the beginning of July last, to the middle of October, 26,800 persons, constituting one seventh of the entire population.

[28] Two large new French frigates, the Alcmène and the Iphigénie, were captured by Rear Admiral Durham, in the Venerable, on the 16th and 18th of January.

[28] *Vivacity.*—A ewe, belonging to Mr. Thomson, of Feham Hill, was last week dug out of the snow at Holburn Grange, after having been there twenty-one days: when discovered, she was extremely weak, and unable to rise; but is, with care, likely to recover.

[*March* 1] Extract of a letter from Sydney (New South Wales), dated June 30, 1813—"The Colony of New South Wales is in so flourishing a condition, that a memorial has been forwarded by the principal inhabitants through the governor to his Majesty's ministers, praying, among other privileges, permission to distil from their surplus grain, and to export flour from thence to Great Britain; and pointing out that there is no further necessity for any salt meat being sent thither, as the colony can furnish fresh beef, pork, and mutton, at a cheaper rate.—It appears also, that the growers of fine wool in the colony consider that they are enabled to vie with Spain in the quality, if not the quantity of produce, which, however, is greatly increasing."

[2] *Stage-Coaches.*—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday, a person, named Taylor, brought his action against Mr. Robinson, proprietor of one of the Leeds coaches, to recover the expenses of a post-chaise to Leeds, which the plaintiff had hired in consequence of the place not being kept for him, which he had taken in the defendant's coach. The Jury gave £18 damages, first deducting Taylor's expenses for eating while on the road.

[4] *Sudden Death.*—On Wednesday, on the arrival of the Uxbridge coach in town, Mr. Weston, an outside passenger, was found stiff and dead—having expired unperceived by his fellow travelers, though he had walked up Notting-Hill with them, apparently in perfect health.

[4] *Queen Ann's Farthing.*—At the late quarter sessions in Dublin, a man was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, for fraudulently secreting a Queen Ann's farthing, the property of his employer, and refusing to restore it without receiving a very valuable consideration.

[5] *Murder.*—Feb. 21, at Newtown-longville, near Fenny Stratford, Mr. Varney was found murdered in his own shop—his face disfigured with wounds, and his skull beaten in with a hammer in several places.

[5] *Armistice.*—Bonaparté having, on the 23d of February, closely invested the city of Troyes, the head quarters of Prince Schwartzenberg's army—that Prince proposed to him an armistice; and, on the same or the following day, commissioners from the four belligerent powers met at Lusigny, to treat on the conditions.—The allies quietly evacuated Troyes on the night of the 23d, having threatened to set the city on fire, if molested during the

evacuation; and the French entered it on the following day.

[5] *Extraordinary Will.*—A Mr. Wright, who lately died in James-street, Pimlico, has bequeathed a very considerable property to Lady Frances Wilson, to whom he had never once spoken in his life, and to whom he was utterly unknown, except that she recollected (on viewing his corpse) to have observed him, many years ago, troublesomely assiduous in gazing at her in the Opera-house, every time she was there.

[6] *Servants contracting Debts.*—In the Court of King's Bench, March 1, Lord Ellenborough declared the law to be, that a master is *not bound* to pay any debt contracted, in his name, by his servant, unless he has *authorised* him to contract it;—that the strongest proof of his having authorised him to purchase upon credit is his afterward paying for articles so purchased;—but that, if the master either gives the servant money for each particular purchase, or keeps him supplied with cash for all contingent authorised purchases, he is not responsible for the servant's act.

[9] *Norway.*—The King of Denmark, in two proclamations of Jan. 18, publicly announced the transfer of Norway to the dominion of Sweden, and released the Norwegians from their allegiance to the Danish crown.

[9] *The Pope* (according to an article from Louvain, of Feb. 20) has been removed from Fontainebleau to Limoges—attended only by his physician; his keepers having refused his request of permission to be accompanied by two cardinals.—*See March* [18]

[9] Two engagements took place between the allies and the French—at Bar-sur-Aube on the 26th of February, and in its vicinity on the 27th—in both of which the French were defeated with considerable loss.

[9] About twelve packs of wool, which arrived some time ago from New South Wales, are said to have been sold at prices averaging 5*s.* per pound on the whole quantity.

[9] *Dearness of Vegetables.*—The extreme severity of the weather has rendered all the fruits and vegetables of the season dear beyond all precedent. The following are the prices of some of the articles in Covent-Garden Market:—Asparagus, £1 4*s.* per hundred; cucumbers, £1 1*s.* per brace; best pines, £2 12*s.* each; grapes, £3 3*s.* per lb; endive, 8*s.* per dozen; best broccoli, 16*s.* per bundle; second ditto, 7*s.* per ditto; French beans, 8*s.* per hundred; mushrooms, 5*s.* 6*d.* per pottle; best kale, 12*s.* per basket; nonpareil apples, 8*s.* per dozen; Colmar pears, £1 10*s.* per dozen; Cos lettuce, 4*s.* per dozen; mint, 1*s.* 6*d.* per bunch; greens, 16*s.* per dozen bunches; Spanish onions, 12*s.* per dozen.

[10] *Theatre.*—On the three nights that Mr. Kean performed at Drury-Lane theatre the week before last, the receipts were eighteen hundred pounds.

[11] *Dutch Constitution.*—The Prince of Orange, in a proclamation, of March 2, announces that a new constitutional code, for the future government of the United Netherlands, has been framed by commissioners of his appointment; and is to be submitted to the consideration of an assembly of six hundred persons, to be chosen by a special commission from the more numerous lists furnished by the different departments;—which assembly is to meet at Amsterdam on the 28th.

[11] *Sea Parole.*—The commander in chief has notified to our army, and to the French and American governments, that the British government will not ratify any agreement for exchange of prisoners *made at sea*, between individuals of the respective nations.

[11] *Lord Wellington* lately had a narrow escape. When crossing in front of a French battery in company with Sir Rowland Hill, a ball passed very near his Lordship's head, and, striking Sir Rowland's horse in the shoulder, passed through the animal's body, without any injury to the rider, except a trifling hurt from his fall.

[11] *Gallant Achievement.*—Jan. 11, the Hibernia, merchant ship of London, Capt. Lennon, with six guns, and twenty-two men and boys, sustained an action of nine hours against the Comet, American privateer, of fourteen guns, and a hundred and twenty-five men, and succeeded in beating her off in a very shattered state.

[12] Five of Sir William Wynne's hunters were sold at Messrs. Tattersall's on Monday last, for *sixteen hundred and eighty guineas.*

[14] March 3, a body of the allies, under Prince Schwartzenberg, attacked and defeated a French army under Marshal Oudinot, near Troyes, and drove them into that city, after having taken from them three thousand prisoners, fifty-four officers, and ten pieces of cannon. Next morning they compelled Oudinot to sur-

render the city, on being allowed one half-hour to evacuate it.

[14] March 8, four columns of British troops, under the command of Major Gen. Cooke, made a nocturnal attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom. Two of the columns penetrated into the fortress, and gained possession of the ramparts, with very little loss: but, in consequence of some disasters which befell the other two, those in the town, being unsupported, and vigorously pressed by the garrison, were obliged to surrender about day-light next morning, after a gallant resistance.—Gen. Cooke and about 1800 men were made prisoners; and about 300 were killed, including eleven officers.

[14] The fishery, carried on by the inhabitants of Dieppe, during last year, comprised 104 vessels of 3100 tons, navigated by 1807 men. The total amount of the fish was valued at 232,000 livres [£9666. 13*s*. 4*d*. sterling.]

[14] The whole of the valuable library of Lord Moira, including many Oriental works extremely scarce, was entirely destroyed by the conflagration at the Custom-house, on the 12th of February.

[14] At the *Funeral of Sir John Douglas*, on Friday, a military escort of two thousand men attended—the light horse were ordered from Windsor—and a detachment of artillery from Woolwich, with seven pieces of cannon.—"The procession," (says a morning paper of this date) "instead of going up Maize Hill, straight to Charlton, where the body was interred, passed through the town of Greenwich, up Croom's Hill, and consequently passed the house of the Princess of Wales."—After the funeral service, the cannon and small arms fired, each, three rounds.

[15] *Mysteries.*—A young lady disappeared from her father's house at Camberwell, without carrying away any clothes—not even those which she had last been seen to wear.—The next day, her father received a letter from her, assuring him that she was well, and that he should again hear from her. Near three months elapsed, without any further intelligence.—On Friday last, a friend of her father, happening to see at the theatre two young gentlemen in company together, felt his attention so forcibly attracted by the countenance of one of them, that he was induced to watch them home to their lodgings in Lamb's-Conduit-street. Next morning, he mentioned these circumstances to the young lady's father, who immediately repaired to Lamb's-Conduit-street, where, in the person of one of the young *gentlemen*, (agreeably to his friend's conjecture) he discovered his long-lost daughter, and, in the other, her husband, who, to conceal the marriage from *his* father, had prevailed on his fair bride to assume the masculine garb, and pass for his *cousin*.

[15] *Petersburg, Jan.* 20.—The Court Gazette contains the treaty of peace between Russia and Persia; by which Persia cedes several extensive provinces to Russia, besides renouncing all claim to Georgia, &c.—and the Russian flag alone is to be allowed on the Caspian sea.

[15] *Switzerland.*—By the new constitution of Switzerland, vassalage is to be abolished, together with all the existing duties on imports and exports.

[17] The treaty of peace between the allied powers and the Neapolitan government was ratified on the 30th of February, and provides that the naval and military forces of Naples are to be commanded by British officers.

[17] Intelligence from Hamburg, of March 4, states that the camp-fever has appeared in that city, and daily carries off great numbers of the inhabitants and the military.

[17] *Officers' Watches.*—The following rates have been fixed, as proper to be allowed to officers of the army, as indemnification for watches lost by them on service, viz. to a General Officer, the actual value, not exceeding forty guineas—Field Officer, twenty guineas—Captain, ten guineas—Subaltern, six guineas—Military Staff Officers to be allowed for the loss of watches according to their rank in the army; those belonging to the civil departments of the army, according to their relative rank with that of military officers.

[18] *The Pope* arrived at Nice, Feb. 9, on his way to Genoa.—*See March* [9]

[19] A quarrel took place at Irvine, on last Monday night, between some of the military stationed there, and a number of the inhabitants; when, the military being roughly handled, one of them ran to his quarters for a loaded gun, and, on his return, shot one of the inhabitants, Allan Hutton, who instantly expired.

[19] *Lottery Insurance.*—Yesterday, at Bow-street office, a man was sentenced to *six months'* imprisonment, for taking illegal insurances in the state lottery.

[21] *Stratagem.*—The Spanish general, Baron D'Eroles, having obtained posses

sion of Marshal Suchet's cipher, wrote letters in it, in the Marshal's name, to the French commanders of the garrisons of Llerida, Mequinenza, and Mauzen, ordering them to evacuate those places. The orders were promptly obeyed; and the garrisons, having marched out, were afterward surrounded, and made prisoners.

[21] *Battles of Soissons, Craon, and Laon.*—The allies having gained possession of Soissons by capitulation on the 3d of March, and being assembled in and about that city, to the number of 90,000, under the command of Marshal Blucher —Bonaparté assaulted the town soon after day-break, on the 5th, with his main army of above 60,000. The battle was obstinately continued during the whole of the day; at night the allies remained masters of one part of the city—the French of the other; and, during the hours of darkness, they continued firing at each other from the tops of the houses. Before the return of day, the French retreated.—In the afternoon of the 6th, Bonaparté attacked a division of Blucher's army near Craon, in the immediate vicinity of Soissons, and gained some advantage over them.—In the forenoon of the 7th, he again attacked the allies at Craon, compelled them to retreat to Laon, and, on the 8th, regained possession of Soissons. On the 9th, before day-light, he attacked the allies at Laon: the conflict was furiously continued till the close of day, when he was completely defeated, with very considerable loss of men, artillery, and waggons—and his army put to flight. They were pursued by the victors during the whole of the night and the following day, and suffered further considerable losses.

[22] *Cossacks.—Berlin, March* 5.—A very large body of Cossacks, principally from the banks of the Don, lately passed through this city, on their way to the Rhine.

[23] *Lord Wellington.*—Feb. 27, the allied forces under his Lordship's command attacked the French army under Marshal Soult, in a strong position near Orthes.—After an obstinate resistance of several hours, the French were completely defeated, routed, and pursued by the victors, till dark.—On the 1st of March, the allies crossed the Adour; and, on the 12th, their advance, under Marshal Beresford, entered Bordeaux without resistance, and were hailed, as friends and deliverers, by the populace and the magistrates, who went out to meet them at a short distance from the city; and, having spontaneously hoisted the white cockade, openly declared for the Bourbons.—Feb. 23, Sir John Hope invested the citadel of Bayonne: and St. Jean Pié de Port and Navarreins have likewise been invested.

[23] *Good-Will of a Shop.*—A tailor and draper at Horsham disposed of his shop and business for £50, exclusive of what was paid for his stock—under an engagement not to carry on his business within ten miles of Horsham.—Though removed to Brighton, he still continued to serve customers in and about Horsham.—His successor having brought an action against him for this breach of contract, the jury, at the Sussex assises, March 21, gave a verdict for the plaintiff —Damages £50.

[23] *Stock-jobbing Conspiracy.*—March 8, the sub-committee at the Stock Exchange, after having investigated that mysterious business (*noticed in our last No. page* 104) publicly made their report, stating that the pretended Col. Du Bourgh, on quitting his travelling post-chaise at the Marsh-Gate, Lambeth, immediately proceeded in a hackney coach to a house near Grosvenor-square, which had, a few days before, been hired (ready furnished) by Lord Cochrane, the Hon. Cochrane Johnstone, and a Mr. Butt;—that, on the day of the fraud, Feb. 21, stock was sold for those three gentlemen, to the amount of *one million, two hundred, and ninety-six thousand pounds;*—and that some notes, which the impostor paid away on his route, had been obtained, on the 19th, on Mr. Butt's account, by his stock-broker's clerk, for the broker's checque on his banker.—Subsequently, (March 14) the members of the Stock Exchange passed several resolutions, tending to prevent any advantage being reaped from the fraud by the persons concerned in it; at the same time, however, binding themselves to submit to the loss; but with a proviso, that the sums, which would otherwise have been fraudulently gained by the conspirators, shall (on proof of their participation in the conspiracy) be bestowed on one or more charitable institutions.—On the other hand, Lord Cochrane published in the newspapers (March 12) a statement, attested upon oath, in which he solemnly declares that he had no concern in, or knowledge of, the nefarious transaction; —that he had no secret information, of any kind;—that, on the day in question, no stock was sold for him, beyond the

amount of *one hundred and thirty-nine thousand* pounds, and this only at a profit of one and a quarter per cent, though it might, in the course of the day, have produced a gain of five and a quarter;—and that no person in uniform had come to his house on that day, except a foreign officer, Baron de Berenger, who came to solicit permission to enter on board the Tonnant, Lord Cochrane's ship.—His Lordship has further published, in this day's papers, a number of affidavits, calculated to prove that the aspersions, cast upon him by the gentlemen of the Stock-Exchange, are false and groundless; and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, in the House of Commons last night, solemnly declared that their statements were utterly unfounded, and pledges himself to publish, in a few days, a statement, which shall be found to confirm this his solemn declaration.

Born.

February 22, of Lady Caroline Wrottesley, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Berney, Bracon Hall, Norfolk, a daughter.

Feb. 27, of Mrs. Cope, Upper Seymour-street, a son.

Feb. 28, of Mrs. Hodgson, Soho-square, a son,

March 4, of Mrs. Mitchell, Duke-street, Portland-place, a son.

March 4, *and* 6, of Mrs. Pickworth, of Sempringham Fen, near Billingborough, *four boys—two on each day*—all likely to do well.

March 7, of Mrs. Ibbetson, Gower-street, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Creed, Hans Place, a son.

March 10, of Mrs. Sansom, Finsbury-square, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Pollock, Carey-street, a son.

March 11, of Mrs. Blackburn, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, a daughter.

March 12, of Mrs. Burney, Croom's Hill, Greenwich, a daughter.

March 14, of Mrs. Taylor, Devonshire-place, a daughter.

March 16, of Mrs. Russell, of the Charter-house, a son.

Married.

February 21, the Rev. J. Conybeare, of Bath Easton, Somerset, to Miss Mary Davies.

Feb. 22, Granville Venables Vernon, esq. son of the archbishop of York, to Miss Frances Julia Eyre.

Lately, Capt. Erington, R. N. to Miss Frances Ann Green.

Feb. 24, Gilbert Affleck, esq. to Miss Jane Smythies.

Feb. 26, John Inglis, esq. of Mark-lane, to Miss Braudreth.

March 1, F. B. Cuming, esq. of Totness, to Miss Lætitia Dorothea Winson.

A. M. I. Sheffield Brooks, of John-street, Bedford-row, to Miss Jane Willis.

March 2, the Rev. John Banister, of Brampton, Oxfordshire, to Miss Shuttleworth.

At Bath, Edward Donne, esq. to Miss Mary Ann Eames.

[4] *Lately*, Capt. J. Prevost, R. N. to Miss Teissier.

March 5, Lieut. col. Blakeney, to Miss Mary Gardiner.

March 7, the Earl of Portsmouth, to Miss Hanson.

Deceased.

February 13, Lieut. gen. Huddlestone.

[19] *Lately*, at Alicant, Lord Montgomerie.

Feb. 21, Mrs. Kearney, of White Waltham, Berks.

Sophia Lady Brownlow.

Feb. 23, Major gen. John Francis Kelly.

Feb. 24, Lady Mary Markham.

Feb. 25, the Rev. C. Miller, Dean of Chichester.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Walworth.

[26] *Lately*, Mrs. Walker, Harley-street.

Feb. 27, Rev. John Bidlake, of Christ church, Oxford.

Mrs. Parsons, Queen's Elm, Chelsea.

March 1, Lady Lucy Taylor.

March 4, Bernard Dickinson, esq. of Bowden Park, Wilts,

Joseph Sales, esq. Gower-street.

Admiral R. Digby.

Major gen. Sir John Douglas, Maize Hill, Greenwich.—*For his Funeral, see our* Chronicle, *March* 14.

March 5, R. Fell, esq. author of several literary productions.

March 6, Rev. Edward Giddy, Tredrea, Cornwall.

At Reading, John Rainier, esq.

[7] *Lately*, in France, at the age of eighty-three, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of the "Studies of Nature."

March 8, Alexand. Cumming, F.R.S. Ed.

Lately, Lord Hotham.

March 11, Henry Jodrell, esq. Welbeck-street.

March 14, R. H. A. Bennet, esq. Privy Gardens.